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THE NATION'S POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,
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ON THE THRESHOLD.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR COURTEOUSLY TRANSFERS THE OCCUPANCY AND CONTROL OF THE WHITE HOUSE TO PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND,
MARCH 4, 1885.



RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
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AGAIN we say Fitz-John Porter is vindicated.

THE death of one Logan killed the other Logan.

SWITZERLAND expels anarchists, and so ought America.

IF the back of winter is really broken, it is to be hoped it will remain so.

THE alliance between England and Italy does not seem to scare Italy worth a cent.

BEFORE the young clerk could fix a date for taking his girl sleigh-riding, the snow had vanished.

JUST as the rascals are about to be turned out the weather moderates. Verily, the Lord tempests the wind to the shorn lamb.

THE Grand Jury of La Sear county, Minn., naively remarked of the county jail: "We find the building as well arranged for the escape of prisoners as they can desire."

IF the Prince of Wales insists upon figuring as a peace-maker, he should go to Egypt rather than to Ireland. 'Tis the Mandi, not the Pahl, who is in open revolt just now.

AN English astrologer has predicted the death this year of "the foremost American statesman." About 40,000 of our modest public men are thus in the agony of suspense.

STILLWATER yearns for Frank James, but the festive robber prefers the freedom of his native prairies, and will not yield to the seductive wooing of the Minnesota law-officers.

YOUNG BARTHOLOW is not the only society young man of St. Louis who has married a fallen woman. As in his case, the fallen women have always had the worst of the bargain.

THOS. HOSKINS favored us with a call on Monday, and before leaving deposited some cash in our till to help off the machinery of the Express, for which he has our thanks.—*Even Express.*

AND now it is positively stated that a dynamite congress did actually assemble in Paris recently. We could not understand how that English reporter happened to have an imagination.

THE Batavia, N. Y., defaulter who killed himself left a note saying that he preferred death to disgrace. He evidently forgot that he might slide over into Canada and escape both horns of the dilemma.

SARAH BENNIHARDT kept a skeleton in the vestibule of her home which was sold at auction recently for three francs. Many families who have skeletons in their closets would give fortunes to get rid of them.

JOHN C. ENO, the defaulter, has been formally expelled from the University Club, of New York. That is right. What is the use of having a member who prefers the society of Montreal to that of New York?

THE only newspaper office in town that didn't seem to know Grover Cleveland was inaugurated on the 18th of March was the *Tribune*. But then Grover Cleveland isn't by any means the *Tribune's* kind of a President.

A FRENCH physician says that salts of copper will destroy cholera microbes, and are innocuous to the human system unless taken in very large doses. "The person whose liver is saturated with copper may defy cholera." If you feel the cholera coming on, go to some electrotyping establishment, have a wire lead from the battery to your liver, and you are safe from cholera if you can stand the treatment a few minutes.

REV. JOE COOK attacked Cleveland in his last Monday lecture, raking up all the campaign smut he could reach. It is now three months since Joe got into a fight with anybody, and his ugliness is growing on him prodigiously.

ST. LOUIS must be a very ungodly town if what Rev. Henry Varley, a revivalist, now preaching in Louisville, says of it is true. After giving many specifications he sums up in the words: "It is the wickedest city in the world."

POOR, brave old Gen. Grant! What with the shame his valiant heart suffered at the hands of his sons and their wicked partner, and the cruel cancer gnawing at his throat, his exit from this world's garish stage is as sad as the saddest of all tragedies.

THE public clamor for the enforcement of the prohibition law in Maine has become so great that an order has been issued closing the saloons at 10 o'clock at night. If the furor continues the next move will be to compel the sale of two beers for five cents.

JESUS H. CHRIST is one of the incorporators of a new railroad company in Southern Colorado, John is herding sheep in Las Animas county, Peter is in jail in Pueblo, Matthew was lately hung in New Mexico for murder, and Paul is tending bar in Trinidad.

J. FULTON ASHTON, when on trial at Delair the other day for selling whisky, took the ground that he only lent the liquor, and received money from the purchaser to replace the whisky. This plea did not prevent the jury from rendering a verdict of guilty.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT is bound to have plenty of ice for the champagne on board of his yacht if he don't have anything else. He has just bought a dense-air machine for his boat that will produce one thousand pounds of ice per day.

THE latest improvement upon the old practice of getting rid of infants by leaving them surreptitiously on the doorsteps of virtuous and respectable church deacons, is to put them in a satchel and hand the package to an expressman with the request to deliver it to a fictitious address. This has just been tried in staid old New Haven.

POSTMASTERS on the Texas plains carry the mail in their pockets, and when a cowboy rides 300 miles to inquire for a letter and is told by the P. M.'s wife that the post-office has gone after a barrel of water and won't be back for two days, arrangements are at once made for filling a vacancy in the grave-yard and the postal service.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD has written a magazine article on "Authors in Undress." This is hardly fair on his brother authors. They are none too good-looking in their everyday clothes, and to describe them when dressed of these, is carrying the joke too far. Next, he will probably tackle authoresses the same way, and then trouble will commence.

A DISGRACEFUL scene was witnessed in the House of Ohio Representatives the other day. Allen O. Myers, a member, denounced several of the members as thieves, bribe-takers and horse-thieves. One of the members made a movement to attack Myers, but desisted on being told that the latter was intoxicated. Myers will probably be officially reprimanded for his truthfulness.

A SHOCKING report comes from Prof. John L. Sullivan's town as to the immoral condition of that community. Hon. Amos A. Lawrence testified the other day before a legislative committee that Boston "is as bad as Sodom and Gomorrah, and deserves their fate." Here is a field for missionary effort.

OTTAWA, Kan., has got a swell head postmaster who will be humming through space on the buoyancy of his ears next week. They are big ears and they will carry him quite a distance if he trusts to them. As a proof of their length, width, breadth and strength read this:

OTTAWA, KAN., Feb. 24, 1885.
GENTS—Sample copy of your paper at hand, also circular requesting patronage in the way of advertising or subscription to all of which I have only to say I have no use for the POLICE GAZETTE and do not believe its prosperity conducive to the moral advancement of any community. Respectfully, A. WILLIS.

PERHAPS the truth of the proverb that the "way of the transgressor is hard" never had a better illustration than in the case of James A. Hedden, who is serving out his term in the State Prison. Hedden, before he embezzled the funds of a Newark bank, was one of the best respected citizens of Newark. His wife was a lovely woman, universally admired. The other day she died of sorrow, and Hedden was unable to be at her bedside. Her farewell messages had to be conveyed to him. The suffering he is now enduring far surpasses the penal servitude he is undergoing.

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

To Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—Knowing you to be a liberal and enterprising gentleman with a happy knack of turning all you touch into money, I want to lay before you the biggest speculation you ever struck. I am told that you are interested in several roller-skating rinks in New York and elsewhere. Now, here in Memphis there isn't any roller-skating rink worth mentioning. But I happen to know a building which will serve such a purpose to the Queen's taste. I have control of it, but must act quick.

Now, my idea is this. The building I refer to needs a good deal of overhauling, and we should have to put down a new floor, re-decorate the place and lay in a stock of skates, etc. It is a great chance and the changes would cost about \$75,000, including price of building and real estate.

There is not any money going a speculating in Memphis, so I cannot depend upon our own citizens' enterprise to see me through. But if you will take \$75,000 worth of stock, you can do so on these terms:

You will buy the building, etc., in your own name. (It will take only about \$15,000 down.) You can in fact own the whole place and everything in it. In return for my services in fixing the sale, etc., and in managing the place, I will take 20 per cent. of the net profits. I can give A. No. 1 references as to character, honesty, etc.

This is too good a chance to lose, and knowing that you never hesitate about taking stock in a good thing, I hope you will give me an early answer.

Yours very respectfully,

MAJOR J. WILSON CURTIS,
Post-office,
Memphis, Tenn.

We have had occasion more than once, lately, to marvel at the accurate idea of Richard K. Fox which passes current in the country at large. But close as all other theorists have got to the true character and habits of Richard K. Fox, none of them, and we say it with a blush, has hit the target so exactly plumb in the bull's-eye as Major J. Wilson Curtis, of Memphis, Tenn.

There is hardly any enterprise of pith and moment on this broad continent of ours in which Richard K. Fox is not actively—and financially—engaged. All that is necessary to secure his enthusiastic—and pecuniary—consideration and sympathy is the assurance that his money will be used for the advantage and delight of his fellow creatures. The man who has a "big thing" on hand, involving the benefit of mankind (or, for that matter, of himself as a fraction of mankind), who doesn't press Richard K. Fox to subscribe a trifling \$50,000 or \$70,000 is an ass and an idiot—a person, in short, entirely unfit to be left to his own intellectual resource in the event of a heavy shower.

It is very agreeable to know that this disposition on the part of Richard K. Fox is well understood and highly appreciated so far down South as Memphis, and Mr. Fox is more than ordinarily touched to find that it has made an impression on a Mem his Major—it being a familiar tradition that the Majors of Memphis, thanks to the case-hardening influences of Tennessee corn whisky, are about the toughest military organization in the United States.

There are so many enterprises in which Richard K. Fox is at present a stockholder to a large extent, that our gallant correspondent must excuse us for not publishing the entire list in the columns of this newspaper. It would take up too much room and crowd out a lot of very interesting matter. Suffice it to say that Richard K. Fox is the principal "backer" of the following corporations and enterprises:

The Great South West American Tea Company.

The Mutual and Reciprocal Association for the Support of Decayed Confidence Operators.

Trinity church, Harlem.

The Society for the Enlargement of the East River.

The Great International Roller-Skating Company.

The Combined and Consolidated Association of Toothpick Manufacturers.

The Society for the Promotion of Apollinaris Lemonade as a Steady Beverage.

The Columbian Marmalade Foundry.

The Congregational Society for the Raising of Spring Chickens in November.

The Great Atlantic Tunnel Company.

The Society for the Printing of Bible Texts on Flannel Shirts for Dissemination Among the Hindoos.

And a hundred other equally profitable and practicable schemes and industries. It is a pity that he is also the Founder and General Manager of the excessively prosperous Society for the Premature Raising of Dead Beasts. For, under the rules and regulations of that excellent guild, should Major J. Wilson Curtis, of Memphis, ever come here to try and personally "rope in" Richard K. Fox for his "big thing" in the roller-skating rink line, it would devolve on Mr. Fox to put on his heaviest pair of shoes and extend to the gallant Major the generous hospitalities of the adjacent sidewalk.

It is a great advantage to other people—to be a philanthropist but even a philanthropist experiences a moment now and then when he weakens on the job.

SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



Walter De Baun, of the Alhambra, mildest, gentlest, cleverest and most popular of the men who keep sporting houses and delight the sporting public, beheld him at the head of this column. To his quiet, good sense, mainly pluck and unfailing good nature must be attributed his extraordinary success from the first moment he undertook to play mine host.

Capt. Moore, the veteran California horseman, will shortly open a public training stable at Sacramento.

S. E. Winslow has been elected captain of the Harvard College nine, taking the place of Phillips, resigned. Tilden will probably take Phillips' place at second base.

Miss Lillian F. Smith, the expert young rifle shot of the Pacific Slope, is learning roller-skating, and after becoming proficient proposes to do fancy shooting in rinks.

The services of professional pitchers have been secured by several college teams—Ridgeway coaching Brown; Lynch, Princeton; Clarkson, Dartmouth; Galvin, Hamilton, and Jones, Yale.

M. K. Kittleman, having got over his honeymoon, is in daily training in San Francisco, Cal., under the direction of C. D. Thompson, of Denver. "Kit" proclaims himself ready to run any one 100 or 150 yards.

Joe Battin is to captain and play third base for the nine now being got together to represent Cleveland in the Western League. T. Lawrence, the superintendent of the old Cleveland ground, is financially interested in the project.

The ever young and ever fair Donna, of the Bijou Opera House, is interested in the management of Ingersoll, Donnelly & Kerker will have an attraction of their own in New York this summer. Donnelly's own personal attractions are irresistible.

Capt. James Irving, a gentleman widely known among sporting men of the better class, as well as by the general public, through his long connection with the police department, died suddenly at his residence in this city of pneumonia, Feb. 19, aged forty-eight years.

Thos. H. Glass and William Reardon were, on Feb. 19, in the Court of Sessions, Brooklyn, convicted of selling pools on the Brighton Beach races. Hugh O'Donnell, Charles Wilson, William Whiten and John Richter pleaded guilty of violating the laws against gambling.

Mrs. Eunice P. Engeman, widow of Wm. A. Engeman, the famous racing man, has entered suit for the appointment of a commission to administer her estate. When she and the late Mr. Engeman separated, some years prior to his death, an agreement was, it is alleged, made by which she forfeited all claims, and she was not mentioned in the will.

Amos S. Chamberlain, proprietor for thirty-five years past of the Bull's Head Stables, in East Twenty-fourth street, this city, died suddenly, of heart disease, Feb. 15, aged seventy-four years. He had returned home from the theatre a few minutes previously and appeared in excellent health. Many years ago he was guard on the stage-coach running between this city and New Haven, and subsequently was superintendent of the old stock-yards in Robinson street, now Park place.

The married members of the new Brooklyn team are Cassidy, Hotelling, Swartwood, Krieg, Harkins and Porter. Of the whole team Krieg, Swartwood and Smith are of German parentage; Cassidy, Harkins and Harkins of Irish parents, and Terry, Phillips, Pinckney, McWilliam and Robinson "native and to the manner born," while Porter is of French-Canadian birth. Cassidy will captain the team and Terry will be the assistant. Harkins and Krieg will pitch and catch in the majority of the April games.

Fred. Archer, who together with Capt. Bowling returned to town recently, lived quietly at the Brunswick and saw no strangers. Said the clerk at the hotel: "The place is simply overrun with callers whom he doesn't know, but who want to see him. Who are they? Broken-down English sports, American sports, coachmen, grooms and stablemen generally." The famous English jockey has put on flesh to a considerable extent during his travels, and will have a heavy amount of reducing to undertake when he gets home.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The Various and Singularly Different Kinds of Men Who Write Plays, and the Way They Do Their Work.

An esteemed correspondent—that is to say, we esteem him all the more highly because we don't know anything at all about him and care a good deal less—writes us a letter to ask us if we can give him points in dramatic authorship. Somebody, it seems, has assured him that the only way to acquire wealth and distinction these hard times is to write a good drama, sell it to one of the five thousand honest, upright and intelligent millionaires who manage theatres and combinations, and then sit in a Turkish chair and clip the coupons which roll in daily for royalties wave on wave, like the breakers on Coney Island beach.

We had a something similar letter sent us some time before. The moral purpose shown by the writer of the first epistle differed from that of the gentleman who composed the second only as to the character of the business in which each desired to engage.

Both had intentions equally dishonorable—but the drift of the aspirations of one was only illegal—that of the other absolutely depraved.

Our first correspondent wanted to know how much



The æsthetic Bedbug Forceps.

a first-class journeyman burglar could make by the day's—or, to be more accurate, by the night's—work. He said he was young, vicious, full of zeal and industry and that brand of nicotine which is exuded by cigarettes, and would like to take the first job that came around to crack a good rich crib.

Even to the densest and meanest capacity it must be clear that this intending and aspiring young criminal was in no respect worse than the other chap, who calmly, coolly and unblushingly declares that in spite of God, man and the devil he proposes to outrage humanity by writing plays.

For between play-writing and burglary there is to be drawn this distinction only: the burglar takes man fully his chance of going to the penitentiary, while the dramatist, in these degenerate and despicable days, doesn't even run the risk of being rotten-eyed.

But both are equally prejudicial to the good of society, and, if either is to be preferred to the other, give us the burglar any day.

Still, this is a serious digression from the gist of this article.

Our would-be playwright wants to know how the convicted dramatists perpetrate their crimes, the conditions and circumstances under which they work, and the remuneration which they usually receive.

Well, fond youth, there are several sorts and conditions of dramatists, each is utterly and absolutely un-



Bankus D'Orter at work.

like the other, and each moves in his own mysterious way his dramatic wonders to perform.

Take, for example, the "sawciety" dramatist, Mr. Bedbug Forceps. Mr. Forceps is a sweet—very, very—sweet young man, who wears bangs and a single eyeglass. Before he took to writing plays Mr. Bedbug Forceps scribbled feeble novels and poetry so weak in the joints that it couldn't walk alone but had to be

helped into publication by "influence." Mr. Bedbug Forceps writes his plays in the conventional seclusion of his sitting-room, on a rosewood desk inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The paper he uses is deliciously perfumed—in fact, the odor is sometimes so seraphic and tender that it makes Mr. Bedbug Forceps cry pearly



The gifted and heroic Tartley Scramble.

little tears. The illumination of his labor is provided by a pair of real bronze candlesticks—gas being too hideous and altogether vulgar and coarse for so ethereal a thing as the "sawciety" dramatist. He writes three plays a week, ties them up with pink ribbon and sells one in ten years. When the lucky piece is brought out, Mr. Bedbug Forceps buys the house for six months and thus insures a "run" for his rickety infant. So that, as an honest fact, he doesn't make any money as a playwright.

Another interesting type of dramatist is Mr. Tartley Scramble. Mr. Scramble writes Irish plays exclusively, and writes them, as the fiddler of Donnybrook Fair played his selections, by main strength, be jabber. Mr. Scramble's strongest intellectual points are his hair, his ears and his brogue. He is the dramatist of the Furiously Impossible. To reach his mental condition and exude such plays as those which represent it, he must have been suckled on Dime Novels and weaned on the *Saturday Night*. His dialogue is always adjusted to the comprehension of an Eighth avenue shop-girl, his repartee has the ripe and mellow flavor of a patent-medicine almanac, and his pathos is of a kind to draw tears—of laughter—from anybody of the least pretensions to education or good taste. It is Mr. Scramble's theory that all mankind is made up of a lot of hysterical and illiterate idiots, and that the dollar of an imbecile is worth more than the indifference of a shrewd cowboy. Mr. Scramble is inspired by gin and bitters, and usually thinks out his plots while leaning for physical support on the bar of a high-toned saloon. He advertises the fact that he possesses genius by the singularity of his hat and the length of his hair, and throws off a play even more easily than he does his supper when "making a night widd the boys"—for, curiously enough, not being in reality an Irishman and having none of the wit or humor of that ingenious people, Mr. Scramble seeks to sell his alleged Irish plays by simulating the wildest kind of a brogue.

Mr. Bankus D. Orter is quite another sort of a playwright. He is a warm-hearted, quick-witted, in-



Mr. Wickett Flea who always pursueth.

genious American of the Americans. Modest as the day is long, a kind, genial, polished gentleman in every relation of life, thoroughly educated, of the finest and most exquisite taste, his plays represent the delicate and subtle realities of life. His men and women are absolutely real. He photographs his species instead of cartooning it, and he photographs it with all the tact and sensibility of an artist. Dramatic literature has no better or more highly esteemed representative than the truly and inside-and-out American Bankus D. Orter.

Mr. Wickett Flea is still another kind of playwright. To the superficial observer Mr. Flea appears to be a person who mistakes an irreconcilable quarrel with soap and water for an union with the dramatic muse. He must write his plays in his bath-tub at midnight, for nobody ever sees him working aught else than the growler, and he never wears enough of an area of shirt cuff to accommodate so little even as a pencilled stage direction. Still, that he does write plays is made evident by the fact that he always has plays of every

shape, size and quality to sell to a cash customer. If you want a blank verse tragedy, a good blood-and-thunder melodrama, the libretto of a comic opera or a brisk and polished society comedy, Mr. Wickett Flea can fit you out at a moment's notice. Nor is his pride so extravagant that you will have to seek Mr. Wickett Flea at his office. He hasn't got an office and is not above hawking his wares on the Rialto after the manner of the gentlemen in humble Judaea life, who deal in collar-buttons and suspenders. Indeed, if things keep on with him as they are now, the day is not very remote when Mr. Wickett Flea will put his dramatic goods on a handbarrow, and bring them within the reach of the poor and lowly, by selling them, in the blaze of a naphtha lamp, on the outskirts of Washington market, at "twenty-five cents a bunch—pick 'em out now—twenty-five cents a bunch"—thereby justly putting his tragedies and comedies on the same basis as onions or young cucumbers.

The actor-dramatist writes his plays with a pair of



The industrious actor-dramatist.

shears and a paste-pot. He wouldn't be able to write a play even with that assistance unless he had a lot of other old plays to cut up, and paste together in different relationships. When he wants a new and original comedy he cuts up and joins together five or six comedies that were obsolete years ago. Then he goes on the road and plays the "little role" for five or six weeks. At the end of the sixteenth week the Great American People finds it impossible to swallow the role any longer, and the actor-dramatist straightaway walks home to "write" a new play.

[[The variety dramatist doesn't have much to do, but he has to drink a good deal of beer while he is doing it. His study is usually the north-east corner of a quiet



The Bouccault of the variety stage.

saloon on a down-town avenue, and he writes, invariably, in his shirt-sleeves. As a general thing he doesn't plead guilty of writing plays, but says they are only "sketches." He turns out about six sketches a week and receives on an average, for the entire lot, ten dollars and eighteen gallons of beer. It is a curious fact that the dramatic author of the variety stage is usually paid most of his fees in lager, and that his royalties often amount to as much as six schooners an act. With so many schooners, it is not an altogether uncommon thing for the variety dramatist to get half-asleep over before he finishes his play.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Col. McCaull is making his plans for the summer season at Wallack's.

James Peakes, of the Ford Opera Company, is lying ill with pneumonia at Omaha.

Louise Balfe is giving John A. Stevens excellent support on tour. He needs it.

Tony Pastor's anniversary benefit is just booming, and don't you forget it either.

Clara Louise Kellogg is lying ill at the Clarendon Hotel. Clara is pretty old already.

Moss Edwards is so silent regarding Stetson's affairs that he is dubbed the Sphinx by his intimates.

Robert Griffin Morris' satirical farce-comedy, in three acts and numerous convulsive climaxes, "The Kindergarten," is apparently in the field to-day. Whatever the adverse criticism may be, the press admits that it is too uproariously funny to be seriously condemned. Manager MacGachy has gathered about him a baker's dozen of very talented, people of both sexes, while Mr. Morris is constantly adding new songs and new absurdities.

Mrs. James W. Thompson (Kitty Smith) will rest for two months. A little Thompson is booked ahead.

Jack Haverly lost his Gale & Spader case. But Jack is on the up grade, financially, for \$50 against the field.

John Matthews' absence from the Square has created much speculation. He is in New Orleans with Dorcas.

Donald Robertson is rapidly recovering his health, and is preparing for the opening of the Lyceum theatre.

Barney McAuley has broken out again in spots. He has recently disgusted numerous audiences in Pennsylvania.

Maudie Stuart goes to Sherman, Texas, to remain for the winter, with her father. Good girl—but how about Marble?

Anything more funereal than Richard Swell-head Mansfield's comedy endeavors in "Gasparone" could not be imagined.

James W. Collier has gone to New Orleans to visit his company there. The present hue of the Crescent City is a bright carmine.

Margaret Mather's engagement in Boston has been an immense success. She held her own against Irving. Remarkable—but true.

Alice Brown, of the Lotta Company, is a graduate of Vassar College. The young lady is an earnest and painstaking student of her art.

Manager John Stetson denies that he possesses any financial interest in the proposed American trip of Lydia Thompson, under C. A. Gilmore.

Lurline, the Water Queen, wants it distinctly understood that she isn't dead yet. She ought to know, and we are more than willing to take her word for it.

Marc Klaw, who manages Effie Ellsler's spring tour, backs the enterprise with his own means. He is not engaged by Frank Weston. Lucky Klaw!

The difficulty between Pat Feevey and Marie Loftus was amicably settled, and there is no more talk of a libel suit. We hear it was a misunderstanding all 'round.

Charles Wyndham's agent is in town, paving the way for the comedian's fall tour in this country. Mr. Wyndham will open at the Fifth Avenue theatre Oct. 1.

The charge of abduction brought by Nellie Hoyt, formerly a chorus singer at Harrigan & Hart's, against James V. Walsh, a leather merchant at 121 William street, was dismissed Feb. 21.

The subject of Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera, which is at last finished, is Japanese. Manuscript and score are expected here in about two weeks. It is said that McCaull will have the American rights.

James O'Connor Zoach, the dramatist, whose plays are never produced, informed a reporter that he is completing one of his "comedies" for a local manager. He will probably appear in it himself. That will end him.

It is mooted that an association is being formed within the ranks of the profession with the object of suppressing Sunday performances. An association for the suppression of actors would be twenty times as popular.

The out-of-town correspondent of a dramatic newspaper enjoys strange and peculiar privileges. An able-bodied and able-fingered young man, claiming to represent the *Sketcher*, hooked a couple of pocket-books in an actor's dressing room in Denver, Colorado.

Frank Sanger, prince of good fellows and, unlike most good fellows, a very successful one, has come back from England brimming over with good nature and new clothes. His spring overcoat will make a sensation on Union square when he unfurls it to the breeze.

David Belasco will take up his residence in the country this summer, and devote his attention to the writing of plays. He is now engaged upon several adaptations. Belasco is great in "adaptations." But he usually makes the mistake of calling his adaptations "original."

Some person left a little girl baby about three months old in front of Mr. Albert Eaves door one day recently. The infant was sent to police headquarters, but Mr. and Mrs. Eaves have given notice to the authorities that they will adopt it. Eaves is now making the costumes for it.

Bobby Gaylord opens at Hyde & Behman's theatre, Brooklyn, March 2. Talking of Bobby, it is not generally known, for Bob's modesty is proverbial, that he wears beneath his coat a handsome solid gold emblem representing the boxing honors of Leadville, Col., won by Bobby while in that region.

George H. Primrose, who is a good citizen wherever he travels, has made himself a New York taxpayer within the past week by purchasing a brownstone front house on One Hundred and Thirty-first street, near Seventh avenue. It is a daisy, and it cost Primrose something like \$28,000 to grow it.

"Three Wives to One Husband" will form part of the Union Square repertoire when the company travels. Col. Milliken complained to a *Mirror* reporter that his royalties were unpaid, and said that Shook & Collier claimed they had lost money on the eight weeks' run of the piece. Bosh! "Col." Milliken is way off.

An instance of Dan Sully's generosity is worthy of record. A daughter was born Feb. 15 to Business Manager W. O. Wheeler and his wife (formerly known in the profession as Nimmie Kent), and Mr. Sully notified the parents that he had forwarded \$500 to a Cincinnati bank to be deposited in the name of the new member of the Wheeler family, and kept at interest for her until she shall arrive at age.

Young Plum-Duff, at the Standard, is gravely contemplating the necessity of an early return to the lunch-counter of Nash & Crook. He is sadly missed by the frequenters of that classic establishment, who complain that nobody has an equal gift of serving two raws on the half-shell or a superior judgment of the qualities of a rice pudding, both kinds of sauce. The youthful Plum is quite out of his element in opera, anyhow.

\$1.00 will pay for copy of GAZETTE 13 weeks, mailed regularly to your address.



HE DIDN'T SEE THE JOKE.

ARTIST HOSSICK GETS MAD BECAUSE HIS WIFE PRETENDS THAT SHE WENT AND HAD A GOOD TIME AT THE ARION BALL.

A Fight With Hair Mattresses.

The funniest sparring match that ever took place in Chicago came off at the Park theatre the other night, and the spectators can scarcely be blamed for laughing until their sides ached. The contestants were introduced as Charles King, of Covington, Ky., and James Roberts, of Birmingham, Eng. They fought with hair mattresses, and both seemed to regret that they

couldn't be feather beds. Neither man knew anything at all about sparring, and the match was simply a series of rushing and wild hitting. In the third round both men were so badly winded they could hardly hold the mattresses up, but King gave up first and threw up both hands, too weak to get to his seat alone. Roberts' second held him up by the nape of the neck long enough to claim the fight, and then he, too, dropped.



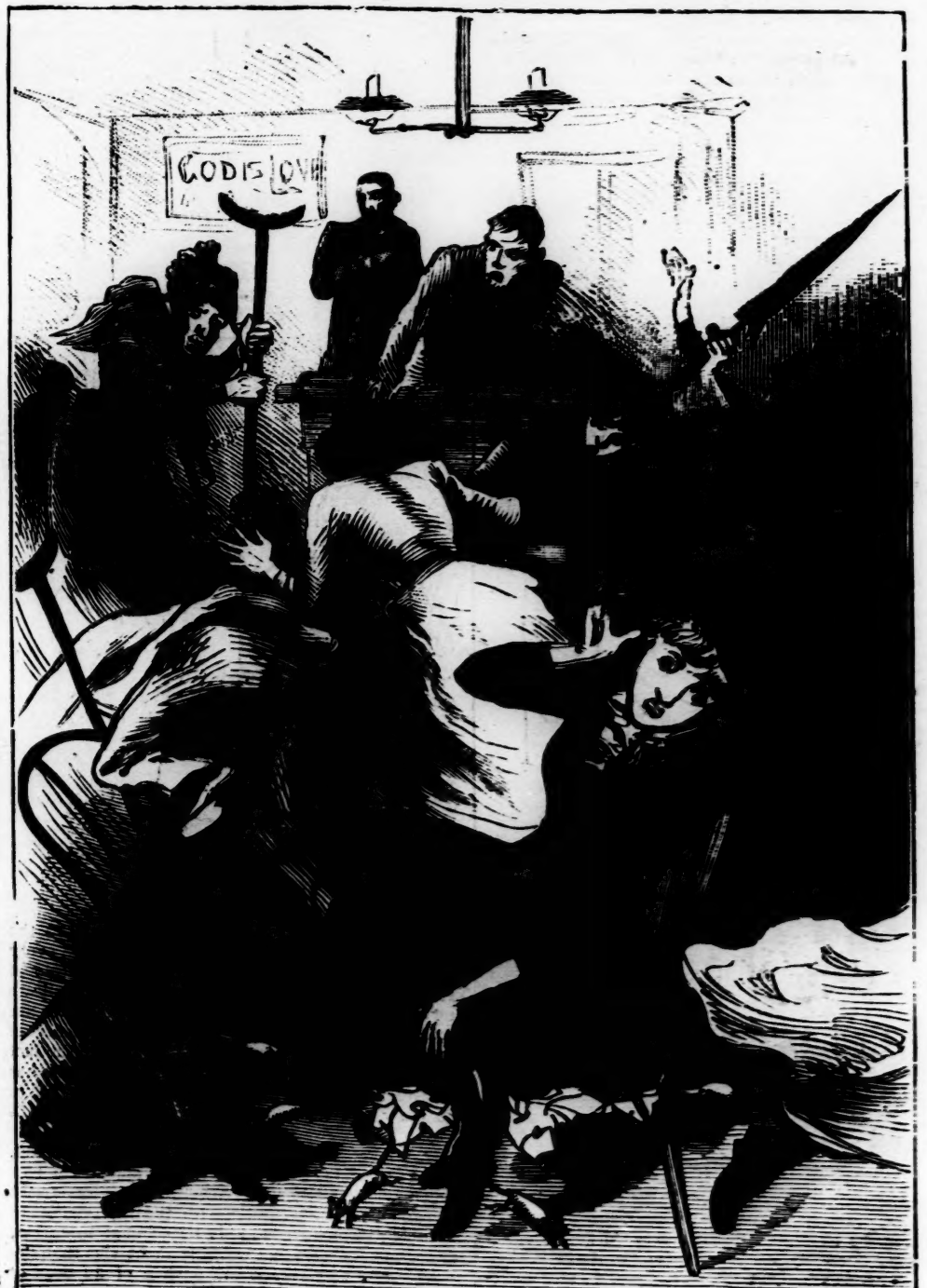
GOOD FOR THE GALLOWS.

A PAIR OF CHRISTIANS IN VERMONT EXHIBIT AN ORIGINAL IDEA OF PARENTAL TREATMENT IN THE CASE OF A DELICATE CHILD.



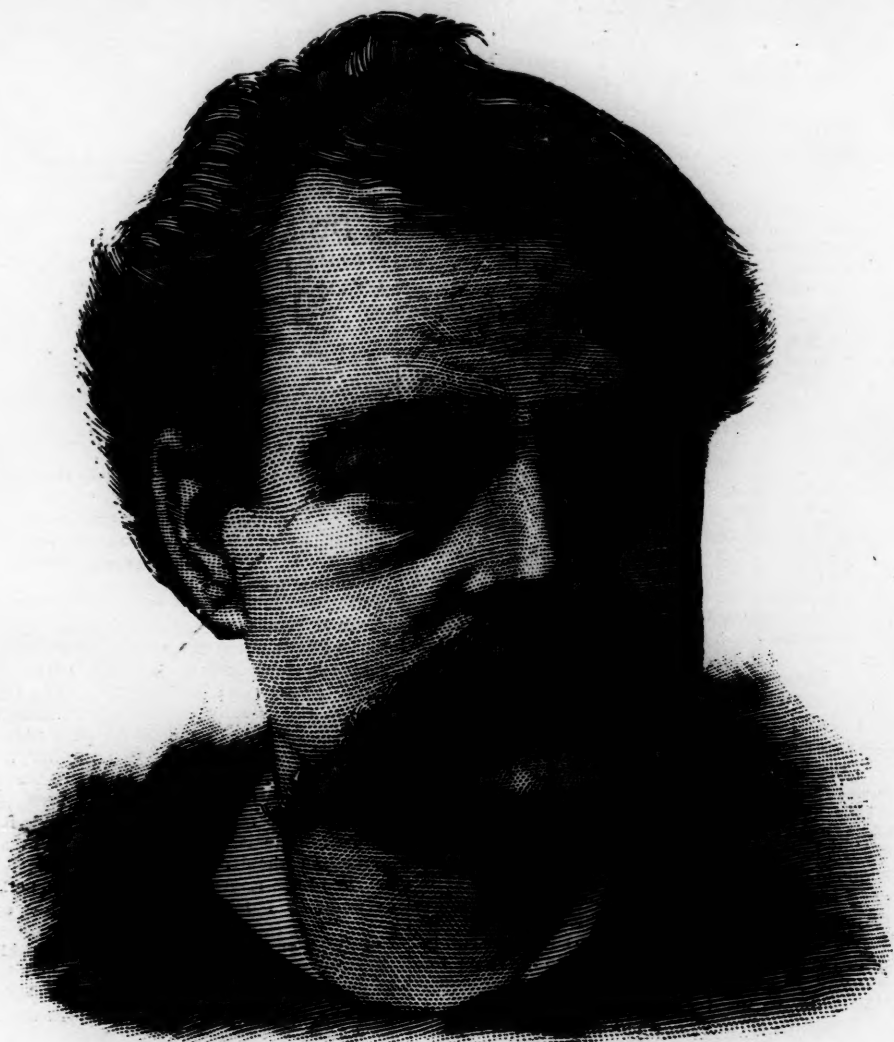
BAPTIZED IN ICED WATER.

A SINGULAR AND BATHER TOO REFRESHING SPECTACLE AS SEEN ON THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER ON MARCH 1.



A GENUINE FAITH-CURE.

THE THOROUGH AND CONVINCING MANNER IN WHICH A LOT OF FIOUS CRIPPLES WERE RESTORED TO ACTIVITY BY A BASKET OF WHITE RICE.



WM. S. MOORE,

THE ACTIVE, INTELLIGENT AND UNIVERSALLY ESTEEMED TREASURER AND BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE.



PETER W. ARTHUR,

THE CELEBRATED PRESIDENT AND CHIEF-ENGINEER OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS.



FRANK McCRAN,

ALIAS FRANK MORRISON, ALIAS WM. M'PHERSON, LATELY ARRESTED FOR BANK-ROBBERING AT ELMIRA, N. Y.



GEORGE HAVILL,

ALIAS GEORGE EARL, ALIAS HARRY THORNE, LATELY ARRESTED FOR BANK-ROBBERING AT ELMIRA, N. Y.



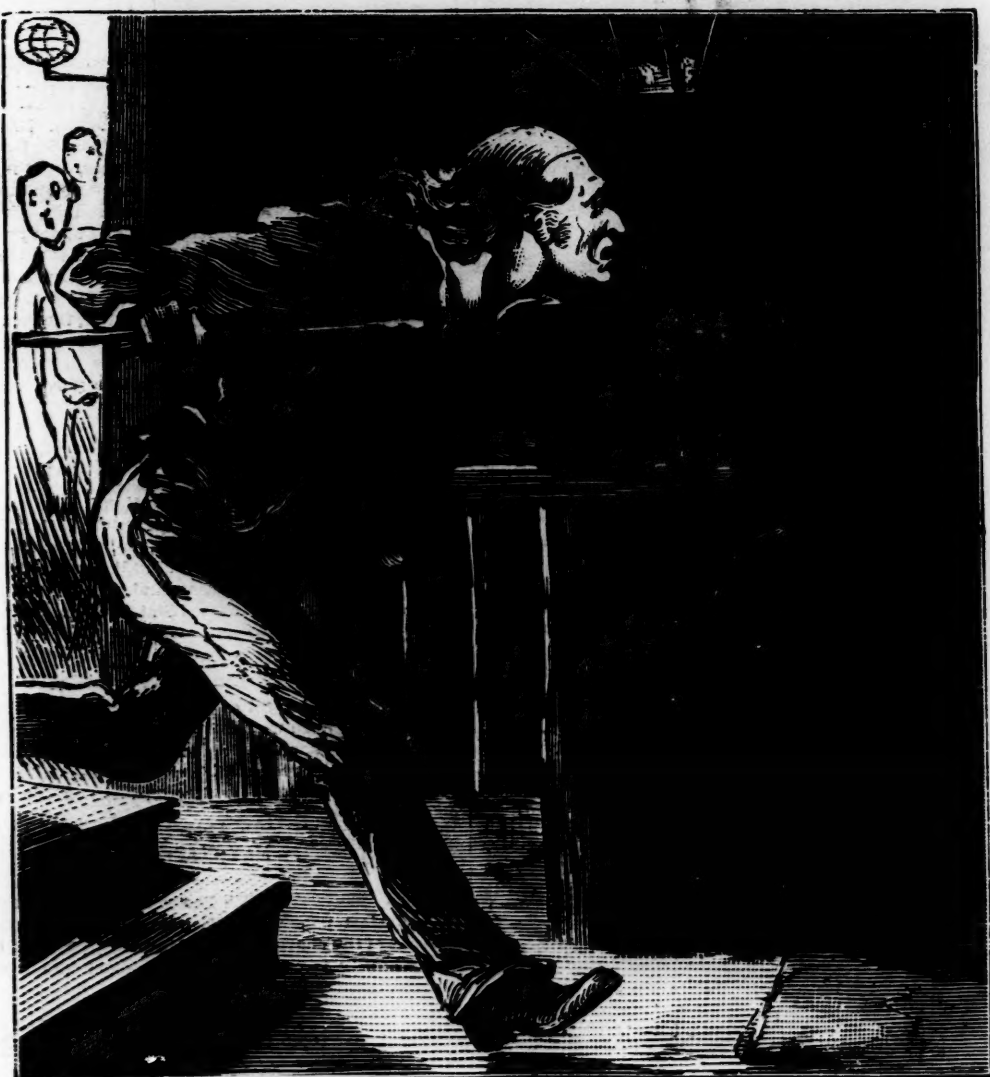
JOHN W. LAKES,

A PAROLED PRISONER FROM ELMIRA REFORMATORY AND "UNCLE TOM" ACTOR, ARRESTED IN ROCHESTER, N. Y.



MICHAEL BLAKE,

ALIAS LITTLE MIKE, ALIAS THOMAS KIRWIN, LATELY ARRESTED FOR BANK-ROBBERING AT ELMIRA, N. Y.



GENUINE CONFUSION.

NAT GOODWIN, THE ACTOR, TAKES A HAND IN A BATTING ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN HIS BROTHER AND AN INDIANAPOLIS SCENE-SHIFTER.



A BAGGED BABY.

THE UNUSUAL BURDEN A SIMPLE EXPRESSMAN OF NEW HAVEN, CONN., WAS SEDUCED INTO CARRYING.

CITY SIDE-SHOWS.

The Extraordinary Decision and Its Consequence of a Young Man Who Didn't Like His Own Nose.

Augustus C. Whiting is a young man well known in New York society. His father, who bore the same name, was a wealthy New York merchant, who married a Western actress about thirty years ago and thereby established the house of Whiting in a condition of exceedingly attractive financial responsibility. The son followed the paternal example, and by his union with the daughter of a well-known capitalist still further secured the fortunes of the family.

This wealthy matrimonial partner added largely to his golden possessions, and he divided his time between New York, Newport and Paris with strict impartiality and great apparent satisfaction. He had cut



He makes a fearful discovery.

himself off from all the pleasures and excitement of the busy work-a-day world, undoubtedly. But he had what physiognomists would call a good, large business nose, which indicated that he would be able to double or treble his money, whenever he cared to dally with the stock market.

However, this consideration seems to have had no weight with Mr. Whiting. He said he was not a business man, and had no business with a business nose. What he wanted was a drawing-room nose. His friends were compelled to admit that his nose did not answer this description. About a year ago Mr. Whiting became thoroughly dissatisfied with this feature of his every-day life, but carefully kept the fact of his dissatisfaction a secret. He closed one eye and looked on the other side of the thing, and then reversed the process. Then he opened his eyes and looked on both sides at once.

The source of Mr. Whiting's dissatisfaction did not quarrel with him. It took the whole affair in a sad, solemn fashion. It did not stick up for itself. It was not a pug nose. It was a compromise between a Roman and a Grecian, and it tried to stick out, but its success was not brilliant.

Mr. Whiting became more determined every day in his opposition, and through his own imprudence the secret source of his heart-burnings became food for common gossip. His nose was discussed and enlarged on. It was turned over and twisted and pulled out by fashionable gossips on all possible occasions for didactic treatment. These proceedings transformed Mr. Whiting's condition into one of intolerable anguish and bitterness.

Finally Mr. Whiting came to think that all New York was engaged in making remarks about his nose. He could not support this idea with equanimity, and after breaking as many resolutions as a boy on his way



The error of nature is corrected.

to the dentist's, he determined to have a surgeon cut down the objectionable feature to a more proportionate size.

This was accordingly done last week at a hotel on Fifth avenue. It is said that when the patient first saw himself in the glass after the operation he uttered such a shout of joy that the proprietor thought the house was on fire. The doctor explained the circumstances and assured the disturbed hotel man that the

patient would be able in a day or two to moderate his hilarity.

The patient is now in Florida. It is hoped by his friends that the warmth of the climate will not contribute to any further growth of the organ into prominence.

PETER M. ARTHUR.

Grand Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

[With Portrait.]

Chief Arthur commenced his railroad career on the New York Central, where he ran a locomotive some fifteen years. While in this position he joined the Albany Division No. 46 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. After becoming a member he was always chosen to represent the division in councils and conventions. He soon became prominent among the brethren as an able debater on all questions coming up before the meetings, and when it was finally decided to remove Charles Wilson from the head of the Brotherhood, who was thought to be unfaithful to his trusts, the choice fell upon Peter M. Arthur, who has since proven that he is the right man in the right place. There are few men who combine so many good qualifications for the important office of chief of this large organization. Having spent some thirty years in the engine cab himself he knows the wants of the engineers, and it is his daily struggle to benefit them in all their just causes. There never has been a strike on any railroad where Chief Arthur has had the chance to speak first with the officers of the road, and show them in his honest way the justice and rights of his brethren.

The duties of Mr. Arthur are quite numerous. He is the principal editor of the bright monthly journal published by the association and also president of the insurance association for the brethren.

Mr. Arthur lives in Cleveland, Ohio, where the headquarters of the brotherhood is located. His entire income comes from the organization. It amounts to \$5,000.

BAPTIZED IN ICY WATER.

Half a Dozen Mennonite Converts Immersed in the Schuylkill.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A baptism in the icy waters of the Schuylkill took place at Reading, on March 1. Two women and four men were immersed. The Mennonite Brethren in Christ is the name of a denomination recently organized in the small towns of Eastern Pennsylvania. They have been making large accessions to their membership. Their meetings are of the old-fashioned Methodist kind. They believe in striking while the iron is hot, and baptism immediately follows conversion. This afternoon it was raining, but a large crowd turned out.

The candidates marched to the river in a body singing songs. Pastor Musselman waded in up to his waist followed by the faithful. It was freezing cold and large cakes of ice floated about them. He immersed each while the others cried "Glory to God." Afterward the converts, some of them in their stocking feet, waded to their homes through the slush and ice. They claim that God protects them from the ill effects of their ducking. One convert, however, as seen in our illustration, fell back, for spiritual comfort, on a concealed flask of "the old stuff."

THE ELMIRA BANK-ROBBERS.

[With Portrait.]

In this week's GAZETTE we publish portraits of four of the notorious bank-robbers, and, in two instances, murderers lately caught at Elmira. Extradition warrants have been obtained for them by three States, and Bob Pinkerton pronounces them about as tough a lot as ever did time. We portray Frank McCran, alias Frank Morrison, alias William McPherson; John W. Lakes, George Havill, alias George Earl, alias Harry Thorne, partner of Brockway, the forger, and Michael Blake, alias "Little Mike," alias Thomas Kerwin.

THE FIGHTING FOURTEENTH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The sham battle which took place at Prospect Park on Washington's Birthday, among other things, was remarkable for the effective military display made by the Fighting Fourteenth, whose war record is justly the pride of the City of Churches. Major Mitchell, who commanded the regiment on its recent field-day, was complimented by every observer on his efficiency and tact. The Fourteenth certainly showed that it can fight a sham battle, under a good leader, as well as it used to pull off the real events of the late rebellion.

WM. S. MOORE.

[With Portrait.]

There is every reason why Mr. Wm. S. Moore, the treasurer and manager of the People's theatre, is about the most popular man in the profession, so far as New York is concerned. He is, by long odds, the best-natured, most vigilant, most conscientious, and the quickest-witted chap that ever juggled pasteboards or kept tally with the exacting and inaccurate great American bill-poster.

HE FELT A DRAUGHT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, the other evening, the mirth and astonishment of a large audience were excited by a Hebrew gentleman who gravely opened his umbrella in the second act and covered himself and his companion therewith. In response to Col. Morris' indignant reproof, he said that he felt a draught, and was afraid of catching cold.

MYRTLE KINGSLAND.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Myrtle Kingsland, whose portrait adorns this week's GAZETTE, is one of the features of the dime museum system of the United States. Her graceful personality, her good taste and education, and, above all, her elocutionary gifts, combine to make her the star lecturer of dime museology, if we may coin a word to fit the emergency.

Special rates to Postmasters and Subscription Agents. Send address on postal-card.

GENTEEL, BUT A TRAMP.

A Respectable Vagrant and His Means of Support.

"Yes, we are tramps. We are as thoroughly out in the world as the most tattered, impecunious vagabond that begs for a few pennies on the street or for a piece of bread at a back door."

The speaker was a young man, not shabbily dressed, save for the frayed binding on his coat. His face, overgrown with a week's old beard, was frank and kindly. His companion was also young, and his appearance, too, was respectable.

"You don't look like a tramp," said the reporter. "That is very true, and yet if you were only to count as tramps those shiftless vagabonds, down at the heel and out at the elbows, who jostle each other at the soup-houses and steal for the sake of going to jail, you would have little more than half the tramps in Philadelphia to-day."

"What has been your experience?"

"I'll tell you, but you must not publish our names. You can take them, so that if any one, after reading the story, has a desire to give us work, you can let us know. We are both down in the world, sir, but our self-respect has not left us yet. I pray God it never may. Well, as to how we got down in the world. I am a traveling salesman. At the end of 1884 depression in trade threw me out of a position I had held for two years. I soon became poor, and then followed the usual experiences with 'sawbrokers.' I could get no work, and finally my money was all gone and I knew not where to turn to get a meal. My companion last year was an advance agent for a circus. Before that he was an engineer. He has a wife and two children in a little back room on Vine street. We met as companions in distress, and he took me to his room. The scene I witnessed there turned my trials to trifles and dispersed my sorrow for very shame. His wife was sick and his children stood shivering beside the empty stove. There had been nothing to eat in the room for two days."

The speaker paused a moment and gave a great gulp, as though to choke down a lump in his throat. His eyes had a glistening suspicion of tears in them.

"Well," he went on, "that was a month ago, and it was the beginning of our friendship. Since then we have been tramps, and we have worked together. How we managed to get along is almost a mystery to me, now that the first month is passed."

"Give me some idea of your operations." "Our meals are secured chiefly at free lunch counters. Often enough we can slip in and get a drink with a crowd and then help ourselves to the lunch or sit down and eat, no one noticing that we had not invested at the bar. Sometimes I would go up to the counter, and when no one was looking, pass back to my companion enough food to make a meal for his family. He has a place to sleep, but I have none and at night I have to shift for myself."

"And how do you make out?" "Sometimes I sleep at the station-houses, but the officers will not allow one to keep that up for many nights. Four nights I slept in empty freight-cars out near Brewertown. When I fall to find a place to lay my head I stay around the Broad street station until they turn me out. Yes, I am one of the tramps the station-master talks about as constantly coming around there and being as constantly asked to go out. Well, after I am invited out of the station it is usually midnight. I have to keep awake and put in the time until morning. It is a weary time of it. Sometimes I walk out to Frankford and sometimes to Germantown. Very often I am stopped by penniless wanderers like myself who want a 'few pennies for a night's lodging.' That is what I call the very irony of poverty."

"I could tell you a good many things to make you smile. Do you remember the incident Mark Twain relates in 'Roughing It' of the fellow who found a dime and then it down so he could have the pleasure of finding it again? Well, I had a similar experience. I found a silver quarter at Broad and Spring Garden streets. I had not eaten anything for nearly thirty-six hours. I picked it up and could not realize my good fortune. I tossed it down on the pavement to see if it would ring, and then walked away, and, coming back, picked it up again. The pleasure of going through the process of finding the coin a second time was equal to the first."

A FAITH-CURE SENSATION.

A Basket of Mice Turned Loose in a Meeting Proves the Wonderful Work of Brother Bulkley.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A sensation is reported to have been created at the Clay Street (Louisville) Faith Cure Home the other afternoon. Brother Bulkley, the faith-cure evangelist, was taking a farewell of those who claimed to have been cured by him. The little chapel was crowded with the blind who claimed to have been restored to sight, the deaf who heard, the dumb who talked and the lame who walked. Nobody was admitted but those who had been cured and those who wanted cure. It was a motley gathering of diseases and infirmities. The brother was exhorting them to continue firm and strong in the faith, and the healed were testifying to their cures and the blessed promises of the Lord. A crippled lady who stood near the door was suddenly seized with a desire to confess her remarkable restoration to the full use of her legs. In an attempt to elevate herself to the view of the crowd she raised herself on the shoulders of two men. In doing this she upset a large basket of odds and ends that proved to be a tenement house for mice. About twenty of the little animals were turned loose among the feet and dresses of the audience, to the terror of the female section of the house. Chairs were in immediate demand, and for several minutes there ensued a general scramble, interspersed with frightened yells. Nobody was so lame or so blind that they could not get out of the way of a mouse when it skirted their legs.

A BABY IN A GRIPSACK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

While Thomas Gibbs, a licensed expressman, was standing in line with others of his craft outside the Union Station in New Haven, Conn., about 8:30 the other evening, he observed a well-dressed man of medium height approaching the line from the side of the station. The stranger carried a large valise. The expressman halted him and secured the job of carrying the valise to No. 512 Elm street and informing the people living there that they might expect the owner of the valise at 8:30 o'clock. Gibbs was warned to handle the valise with care as it contained glass. The ex-

pressman took the valise, placed it beside him in the wagon, and hurried off to the indicated part of Elm street, nearly two miles from the station. He failed to find any such number as 512. He carried the valise back to the station and left it in the baggage-room. About half an hour later sounds as of a baby crying were heard to issue from the valise. Policeman Bradley pried the valise open and found that it contained, warmly clad and moaning in its sleep, a pretty girl baby about a week old. Beside the child lay a quantity of clothing and a nursing-bottle full of milk. The police wagon was called and the walf taken to the almshouse. No clue as to the identity of the patron of Expressman Gibbs has been obtained.

HE FAILED TO SEE THE JOKE.

Mr. Hossack was Mad when His Wife Said She Had Been to the Arion Ball.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mary C. Hossack asked Justice Welde one morning last week to give her a warrant for the arrest of her husband Alfred.

"He caught me by the throat this morning," she said, "threw me against the piano, and said he would like to choke me."

Alfred Hossack is a long-haired and exceedingly aesthetic crayon artist, late of San Francisco, and he and his wife live at 4 East Fourteenth street.

"When I came home on Monday night," he said, "my wife was not there. Her mother lives in the neighborhood, and I thought my wife was there. On Tuesday morning she came home."

"I went to mother's," she said, "and after that we all went to the Arion ball. Mother went and several gentlemen friends."

"Then I got angry, scolded her, and perhaps in my excitement, I may have shoved her against the piano."

"I didn't go to the Arion ball at all," said Mrs. Hossack. "Just for a joke I told him I had been there, while the truth was I had been at mother's house all night. I meant it all for a joke, but the first I knew he got mad."

"He had some provocation," Justice Gorman said. "Even in a joking way, you ought not to have made such a statement to him. I know I would be mad if my wife told me such a story. Considering the provocation, Mr. Hossack, I'll discharge you."

Artist Hossack and his pretty wife both appeared well pleased with this decision and left the court together. Mrs. Hossack was in court to corroborate her daughter's story that she had spent the night with her.

THE INAUGURAL FEED.

The steward who had charge of providing the supper at the inaugural ball says that the bill of fare on that occasion comprised the following:

Six large salmon; six thousand rolls; one hundred hams; six large striped bass; eight thousand clams; fifty pate de foie gras; sixteen sets of roast beef; fifty dozen heads of lettuce; two hundred roast turkeys; five hundred boiled turkeys; two barrels of chicken salad; fifty dozen bunches of celery; one hundred and fifty tongues; one thousand pounds of cake; one thousand pounds of lobster; eight thousand pickled oysters; one thousand quarts of ice-cream; five hundred quarts of water-ices; one hundred and fifty bonded turkeys; one hundred and fifty loaves of bread; one hundred quarts of consommé soup. In addition to this there were numerous ornamental dishes. Fruits, cheese, nuts, raisins and coffee were served in large quantities. Everything was brought direct from Murray Hill, New York, already cooked, but an efficient corps of cooks and carvers was also brought on to insure the supper being served in a proper manner.

JOHN BANKS.

[With Portrait.]

John Banks, the colored middle-weight champion of America, was born in Richmond, Va., Dec. 25, 1851. He fought Billy Hunter, of New Jersey, in December last, for \$50 a side, and won in four rounds. He next beat Johnny McJee, colored, in four rounds, for \$50 a side. Then he fought Chas. Tucker, light-weight champion of Philadelphia, whom he offered \$25 to box four rounds, and was done in three rounds. During the last two weeks of December, while under engagement at Clark's Club theatre, Banks fought three Unknowns for purses of \$25 and \$50 respectively, and won all three in less than three rounds. He has joined fortunes with Jim Connors, of Brooklyn, the pair giving nightly exhibitions at Frank White's Champions' Rest, Bowers, this city. On Jan. 30 he defeated Jim Felt at Athletic Hall, New York, in a glove contest for a purse.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Our front page this week illustrates the historic moment when Chester A. Arthur, ex-President of the United States, transferred the White House and all its appurtenances to Grover Cleveland, the present chief executive officer of the United States of America.

FRYER VS. GREENFIELD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On another page we publish an effective illustration of the great encounter, at Industrial Hall, Philadelphia, between Fryer and Greenfield, which the referee decided a draw, as described in our sporting columns.

MAY CLARK.

[With Portrait.]

On our last page we publish a striking and artistic portrait of the charming Miss May Clark, whose statuesque beauty is one of the features of the Austin Novelty Company.

The six-months-old daughter of Gaetano Doni and Leonarda Ortori was recently sent to St. Agatha's Home to be cared for by the city. Doni is an Italian basso, and Ortori a danser. The latter is believed to be in San Francisco. She had left the child in charge of her mother, who refused to support it longer.

\$1.00 will pay for copy of GAZETTE 13 weeks, mailed regularly to your address.

THE GALLANT SEVENTH.

Its Record and the Record of Its Officers--War Veterans Who Can Afford to Play at War--How the Seventh is Commanded.

[With Portrait.]

It is seventy-nine years since what we now know as the Seventh regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., was organized. Certain British men-of-war had fired on some American vessels off San Juan, and a war was regarded as imminent. In the excitement of the time four companies of volunteers were organized and sworn in by the State, and attached to a battalion of artillery militia. When, in 1807, war with England became threatening indeed, these four companies, with other volunteers, were organized as a regiment. They held their organization from that time, being occasionally transferred and turned over, however, bearing several names till, in 1823, on July 27, they received their present title. Up to this time the patriotic men had provided their own arms and paid their own expenses. Now, however, the State recognized them as part of the National Guard and furnished them with weapons of the new pattern of the day.

The Seventh, in its old and its present organization, has been called into active service time and again. It was out in 1812, in 1814, during our last war with Great Britain; it guarded the exciting execution of James Reynolds on Nov. 19, 1823, and shielded the ballot-boxes during the riotous election of April 10, 1834. In July, the same year, the abolition riots called it forth, and it provided firemen for the great fire of 1835. It suppressed the stevedore riot of 1836, the flour riots of 1837, the anti-war riot of 1838, the Croton water riot of 1839, and was out to defend property in the great fire of 1845, which lasted from July 13 to 21. The Astor place riots called it out in 1849, and it helped save slavery's life. It was in a riot during the police riot of June 16, 1857, and the Dead Rabbit riot of the same year; was in the quarantine war of 1859, in the field in 1861-2-3, the draft riots of 1863, Orange riots of 1871 and labor riots of 1877.

This is a brief resume of the record of the finest body of men in the world. The portraits of its present, leading officers, which the POLICE GAZETTE presents, will go far to show what superb stuff the regiment is composed of.

Col. Enmon Clark entered the Seventh as a private twenty-eight years ago, as he laughingly gives it, to avoid jury duty. He was made first sergeant in 1853, second lieutenant in 1859, first lieutenant in 1861, and went to the front in April, 1861, as captain of Company B. He served in the field for portions of 1861-2-3, and in 1864 succeeded the war commander of the regiment, Col. Luffert, to the command. The Seventh owes all of its present prosperity to Col. Clark. He gave it its present compact organization, and it is to his efforts that the erection of the great armory is due. He is every inch a commander, in short, and his regiment shows it.

Lieutenant Colonel George Moore Smith is a Maine man. He has been twenty-four years in the Seventh, which he entered as a private. Like Col. Clark, he served in the field during the civil war, going in the ranks and coming out as second lieutenant. He rose through the grades to his present post, which he gained in 1881. He is a thorough soldier and as popular as a man as he is efficient as a commander.

Major Richard Allison entered the Seventh in order to go to the front with it. He enlisted as a private on April 19, 1861, and started for the South the same day. In 1862 he entered the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Volunteers as captain, serving till he was mustered out with his regiment in July, 1865. He re-entered the Seventh with his captaincy won on the field of battle, as a private, as soon as he got back to New York, and won his present commission in 1881. Major Allison, being a fighting soldier, naturally knows how to play at soldiering too. No man can be said in his price.

Adjutant George W. Raul has drilled with the Seventh since 1855. He ranks as a first lieutenant in the line, and in private life is the proprietor of the St. Cloud Hotel, at Broadway and Forty-second street. Adjutant Raul received his appointment on the staff in 1882.

Quartermaster James P. Burrell is another staff first lieutenant. He is a Kentuckian, and served with his regiment at the front in 1862, having joined it for that purpose. He has been in all the lower grades, and been a valuable officer in every one. What he does not know about quartering a regiment is not half worth knowing.

Commissionary of Subsistence Charles H. Covell was a private in the Seventh thirty-two years ago. He was also a private in it during the war. He likes good eating himself, and knows how to provide it for others, which is the reason he was placed upon the staff four years ago, he then being First Lieutenant of Company C.

Dan M. Stimson has been surgeon of the Seventh since 1873. For ten years before he had been surgeon in the Tenth. As usual with his commission, he holds the rank of major, and in private life conducts a large practice among our up-town swells.

Surgeon Stimson's assistant is Morris Moreau, who became what he is, regimentally speaking, in 1871. Then, however, he ranked as surgeon and major. He retired from the regiment in 1873, and when he came back it was to perform upon the second violin to Dr. Stimson. Surgeon Moreau holds rank as a first lieutenant, and is not ashamed of it.

Capt. William H. Palmer is inspector of rifle practice for the marksmen, for whom the Seventh is famous. He is a Massachusetts man, and was an acting assistant paymaster in the navy before he joined the regiment, in 1875. He was appointed to his present post in 1883.

Capt. Augustus W. Conover commands Company A of the Seventh. He has been in the regiment fifteen years, entering it as a private and achieving his captaincy in 1882. He does his duty every time, and is glad to do it.

Company B is commanded by Henry S. Steele. He is a war veteran, and has been in every grade up to his present one. He is a strict disciplinarian and enjoys being disciplined himself. The result is that his company always rates A1 in the reports.

Don Alonzo Pollard, commanding Company, is the senior captain of the regiment. He has been in the war, having enlisted in 1860. He received his captaincy in 1866, but has not grown gray waiting to be pro-

moted, as he is a philosopher and possesses a contented mind.

Company is captained by Billy Kipp, the popular clerk of the Police Board. He entered the regiment in 1857; won his stripes as lieutenant in battle, and got his captaincy in 1865. He uses a sword, and is the most popular captain in the regiment.

Capt. George B. Rhoads, of Company E, is a gallant insurance man when attending to the trivialities of business. He entered as a private in 1863 and became captain in 1881. He is emphatically the right man in the right place, as the discipline of his company proves.

Company F maneuvers under Capt. Daniel Appleton. He is one of the younger members of the famous public house in Bond street. He entered his name as private in 1871, and now knows the militia as well as he does the publishing business.

The handsomest captain in the Seventh is James C. Abrams, of Company G. He served with his regiment in the rebellion, having entered the ranks in 1863. He has been a captain since 1873, and likes it so well that he intends to stay.

Capt. Andrew Mills rules the destinies of Company H. He is fourteen years in the regiment, and his board is the boast and pride of the whole corps. There is said not to be an ornament like it on the face of any other national guardsman on the continent.

Capt. Casey, of Company I, enlisted in 1861, went to the front in 1862, became a sergeant in 1863 and reached his lieutenantcy in 1864. He was made captain in 1873, and he is one of the best the regiment has known.

Company K is commanded by Louis E. Lefferts. He is a son of the famous war colonel of the Seventh, and has been in the regiment since 1875. The spirit of the father is regnant in the offspring, and he is spoken of as a soldier who only needs the chance to distinguish himself. When that chance comes he will be found ready to take advantage of it.

These are the chief officers who have made the Seventh regiment the pride of the American militia. There is no man among them who has not won his place by sheer merit. It is by the devotion and intelligence of its officers that the Seventh has become what it is, and, thanks to them, it stands to-day ready to repeat at the first summons its brilliant record of the past.

"RUN! AL! NIGHT!"

Scenes Witnessed in a New Orleans Gambling-Hell.

On each side of the keno-tables are groups of other tables, devoted to faro, grand-bazard, chuck-a-luck, roulette, rouge-et-noir, twenty-one and every game known to the profession. The extreme outer tier of tables are reserved for the great American game of draw-poker. These tables are fenced in by brass railings, and on the wall the visitor reads the strange legend: "Draw poker—Only players admitted within this railing." Four or five men are seated at one of these tables, one of whom is, perhaps, the piquee, the others are going to pick. Dozens of strangers are leaning on the railing looking on at the game, betting in their minds, or, perhaps, "giving items" to a confederate.

The "chips" are usually ten or twenty-five cents, and one chip is taken out for the house whenever a hand is called, no matter how much or how little is in the "pot," so it will be seen that the percentage of the house is great, and it is only a question of a short time when all players will quit losers, unless it be a special game to run some venal visitor. A stranger to this city, he can scarcely credit his senses when he first walks into one of these gambling-hells and reads, in large letters, upon the walls: "This game runs all night," "The Jack takes colors and side," "No bets paid unless the cards are registered." Finally he realizes that he is in a gambling-house, and that there is no danger of a raid, as a uniformed policeman stands by his side as a guarantee of good faith and immunity, and occasionally slips down a quarter to test the virtues of his favorite roulette. The faro, poker and other tables, perhaps, outnumber the keno-tables, so this mammoth double parlor hell contains about a hundred and fifty tables. As they are generally in full blast day and night, the amount of gambling in this one establishment is considerable. This is held by many to be the most extensive gambling-house in the United States. It has its relays of day and night dealers, but the bettors rest only when they get broke.

HUGH J. MCCORMICK.

[With Portrait.]

Hugh J. McCormick was born in St. John, N. B., on Feb. 18, 1853. He is 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighs 170 pounds. His first race, in 1883, was a pair-oared amateur race, with his brother as mate, defeating five other crews. His second race was a single-scutt amateur at a picnic on the St. John river, McCormick defeating Wistard and D. O'Hara.

In 1882, on the St. John river, he rowed R. J. Nagle a single-scutt handicap three-mile race, Nagle allowing him five seconds' start, Nagle winning by one boat length. The following day at a picnic at the same place McCormick defeated Nagle in a two-mile race even start.

In 1883 he beat Nagle, Davidson and Mitchell at a picnic in Calais, Me.

During the same year he rowed against Nagle and E. Ross in a regatta on St. John harbor, Nagle winning by a neck, Ross being last.

This led to a challenge from Ross to McCormick for a three-mile race on the Kennebec for \$100 a side. It was accepted, and the race took place Oct. 25, 1883, McCormick winning.

Sept. 6, 1884, he defeated R. Nagle in a match race on the Kennebec for \$50 a side.

Nov. 1, same year, he (McCormick) was defeated by Harry E. Vall in a three-mile match race on the same river for \$500 a side.

McCormick is also a wondrous skater, and he is without doubt the fastest in America. At Bergen, N. J., on Feb. 21, he skated three miles in 19 minutes 25 seconds, which beat Paulsen's record by 625 seconds. His first mile was made in 3 minutes 24 seconds, two miles in 6 minutes 45 seconds, three miles in 10 minutes 25 seconds, and on Feb. 24, at the skating rink, McCormick skated a mile in 3 minutes 94 seconds. He skated the first lap, including the 190 feet of shortage, in 33 seconds; the two laps were skated in 1 minute, three laps in 1 minute 35 seconds, four laps in 2 minutes 7 seconds, five laps in 2 minutes 38 seconds, and the mile in 3 minutes 94 seconds. This beats all previous performances and crowds Fish Smart's famous 3 minutes.

Special notice is paid to patrons and subscription Agents. Send address on postal-card.

GEORGE GOULD STEPPED UPON.

Jay's Hopeful Son Initiated On the Stock Exchange Floor

[Subject of Illustration.]

For the first time in nearly a year a smile lit up the careworn face of Giovanni Morosini, as he stood in the gallery of the Stock Exchange the other afternoon.

Ever since that charming summer evening when the beautiful and redoubtable Victoria decided that beer and Frankfurter sausages with her Ernest—wom she likened to Paganus—were better than Johannis-berger and pate-de-fais-gras at her father's mansion, Mr. Morosini has been a changed man. But, as he jostled his way through the throng and bent his head to look down the railing of the gallery to look down into the great board-room, the light of expectant pleasure shone from his flashing eyes.

It was there to see how young George Gould, son of the King of the Street, would stand the ordeal of his initiation. Young George applied three weeks ago for admission to the Exchange, and the august Governing Committee had granted his request. Early in the day he called at Secretary Ely's office, signed the constitution, promised to respect the wishes of the high and mighty governors, and turning to President Simmons and the little group of officials he quietly remarked, as he doffed his derby hat:

"If I can borrow a hat for a few minutes I'll run the gamut now."

Young George, with all the thrift of his sire, did not wish to have his new spring tie kicked to pieces, but none was to be had. He could have borrowed \$1,000,000 on his word alone, but he couldn't borrow a cast-off hat—at least on this occasion. He then returned to his office at Broadway and Rector street. He seemed to have an inkling that he was to be given a pretty vigorous initiation, and appeared slightly nervous and thought the ceremonies could be postponed for a week or two.

"Wash" Connor thought differently and encouraged George to have the thing out as quick as possible, and while he couldn't lend him a hat he gave him the "pointer" to "take the boy" by surprise, not to tell a soul you are to go on the floor this afternoon and you'll escape very easily."

George said he would take "Wash's" advice. In ten minutes 300 tickers state that "George Gould will appear in the board-room this afternoon," and the information was said to have been furnished by "Pointer-Giver Wash." Giovanni Morosini was also posted off to see how the young man would be received and was requested to give a faithful report to "Wash."

Just after 1 o'clock Mr. Morosini noticed a commotion at the New Street entrance, and in a second he shouted from the gallery:

"There comes my boy—there's young George."

Instantly 400 brokers took up the cry and when young Mr. Gould appeared leaning on the arm of Mr. E. S. Connor, "Pointer-Giver Wash's" brother, there was a yell that must have been heard in Kalamazoo. In a second young George's new derby was sent skyward, and Dick Halsted, Al. King, J. O. Stevens, led up a young army, all bent upon congratulating the son of the King of the Street. His arms nearly left their sockets, and he was hustled about like a boot-black. He smiled and accepted the unmerciful hazing like a Trojan. He was then lifted on the shoulders of his tormentors and carried before Bangsater Henriques.

Up went the shout, "Chairman—Henriques, here—is—George—Gould!"

Mr. Henriques nodded to the now almost fagged youth, who was then carried to the Union Pacific corner. He was without head-gear, his beautiful scarf was awry and his rich diagonal suit looked as though he had slept in a five-cent lodging-house. His hat was soon returned to him, but was minus the crown and rim.

Young George said he had no use for it, and, taking advantage of a slight lull in the ceremonies, he quietly escaped, fled through the Broad street entrance, up Wall street, and popped into his office hatless, only to meet "Pointer-Giver Wash," who was smiling, happy and innocent as a school-boy.

The stockbrokers highly commended George's pluck. Not a murmur escaped him, and though rather pale and nervous after the experience, during the ordeal he bore himself as gracefully as his surroundings permitted him, and the general verdict was:

"George is a daisy—he'd bloom in Iceland."

CHEAP BEEF.

Carcasses of Cattle Trampled to Death in Transit Sold to Pittsburg Butchers.

For several years past complaints have been made that the meat of injured cattle arriving at the East-end stock yards, in Pittsburg, is sold for food after the animals had been killed, because they were unfit to be transported further. Several unofficial investigations of the charge have been made, generally by attaches of newspapers. The officers of the Pittsburg stock yards and Meat Inspector Lindsay, whose duty it is to see that no cattle unfit for consumption are sold, have invariably informed the searchers after the truth that the charges were without foundation, and that the carcasses of all animals injured in transit were turned over to the fall mawer. These statements have been accepted as authoritative. The subject was revived last week by Humane Agent O'Brien in a manner that will not be pleasant to the beef-eaters of the city. Mr. O'Brien has been stationed at the stock yards for several months, and therefore is in a position to know whereof he speaks. The subject was called to his attention by your correspondent while inquiring concerning the effect of cold weather on cattle being shipped from the West to the East.

"Cattle, that is steers, have not suffered much," said Mr. O'Brien, "but sheep and hogs are dying in large numbers. It is impossible to close the cars in which they are shipped, and they crowd together for warmth. In doing so some fall down, and are trampled upon. The injuries so received make them unable to move, and they die from the effects of their hurts and the cold. Usually from fifteen to twenty-five sheep and hogs are taken from the cars dead each day. To-morrow I expect the number will be much greater, as some of the trains that will arrive have been snow-bound for several days." Mr. O'Brien then referred to cattle particularly, and said: "Cattle are injured in the same way as sheep and hogs, but they are usually living when they arrive at the yards. As soon as they are discovered they are knocked in the head and their throats cut."

"What becomes of the carcasses?"

"They are sold to city butchers, generally at reduced rates. The injuries sustained usually produced paralysis of the hindquarters. These the butchers cut off and throw away, I suppose. The balance of the meat is retailed to customers."

"Do you consider this meat fit for food?"

"No, for the fever soon spreads all over the animal's body, and they are often in the cars for two days in this mutilated state."

"Then why don't you prosecute the people who sell this meat?"

"It is not my duty to do that—all I have to do is to put the cattle out of their misery as soon as possible. It is the Meat Inspector's duty to prevent the sale of diseased meat."

Mr. O'Brien did not give the names of any of the butchers that buy injured cattle, but they are known, and prosecutions will be instituted.

GOOD FOR THE GALLOWS.

How a Poor Little Friendless Girl was Tortured by So-Called Guardians.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Our Wallingford, Vt., correspondent sends the following recital of a case of cruelty which is almost unparalleled in recent annals: "The excitement of last week was the arrest and conviction of Joseph White and wife for abuse and maltreatment of Ida Ferry, about thirteen years old. Arrived by the screams of the child, a neighbor arose from bed and drove three miles to awake a grand juror, who, with two other men, drove to the place and arrested White and his wife."

"The child presented a pitiful appearance. Her feet were blistered where the woman had compelled her to stand on a hot stove until she could no longer stand on her feet. Another mode of punishment was to push pins through the child's ears and fasten her to the wall, while still another punishment had been to compel the girl to run her tongue against the window-sill and then to drive a needle through the child's tongue and fasten it there."

"At another time Ida had been held under a pump and a stream of water pumped upon her head until she was so far exhausted the Whites could not revive her, and were compelled to get the help of neighbors. When in court the child's body was found covered with black and blue spots where the inhuman guardians had pinched her, while her back was a network of cord-like ridges where the whip had been applied. The child had been with the Whites since she was two years old, her father having gone West and paying \$10 a year for the care of his child. White testified that his wife made him assist in the cruelties. The sentence of the justice was only \$5 fine for White and \$10 for his wife."

"The next night three masked men caught White in his barn, and, after beating him, ordered him to leave the town. The child has been taken care of by the authorities. Both the Whites were members of a church, which has since expelled them."

POLICEMEN IN GERMANY.

What sort of a man is the average German policeman? Well, he is not very handsome—policemen generally are not noted for their beauty anywhere. He is straight in figure, muscular in build, and is evidently selected on account of his physical power and athletic qualities. Though why he should be required to have these attributes is not very clear, because no man ever thinks of resisting a policeman in Germany—even the few drunken men not being fighters.

It is amusing to see a German policeman taking a prisoner through the streets to the lockup. The policeman never thinks of handcuffing his man, nor of even grasping him by the collar or arm and rudely pushing and shoving him along to the station house. Such an expenditure of strength and energy on the officer's part would be useless. For the prisoner leaves all hope behind him when he falls into the clutches of the faithful guardian of the peace, and would no more think of taking to his heels and escape than he would of flying to the moon. So the officer walks along on the sidewalk hurried in thought and apparently takes no sort of notice of his prisoner, who trots along, generally in the middle of the road, perfectly resigned to his fate.

The police uniform, too, in Germany is a striking one. Like everything else, it partakes a good deal of the military character. The head covering is a heavy leathern helmet trimmed with brass around the edges, ornamented in front with a large brass sun and rays, and bearing on its summit a brass knob—the abbreviated spike which graces the top of the military helmet.

The clothing of the officer is of dark-blue cloth, the coat being cut like the legendary clerical coat, high neck, with a standing collar ornamented with gold or silver lace, according to rank. Brass buttons confine it closely to the body from the chin to the hips and are displayed on the large turned-up cuffs and on the rather long skirts, so that the police officer is rather brilliant when the sun shines on him.

NAT GOODWIN ON THE WAR-PATH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

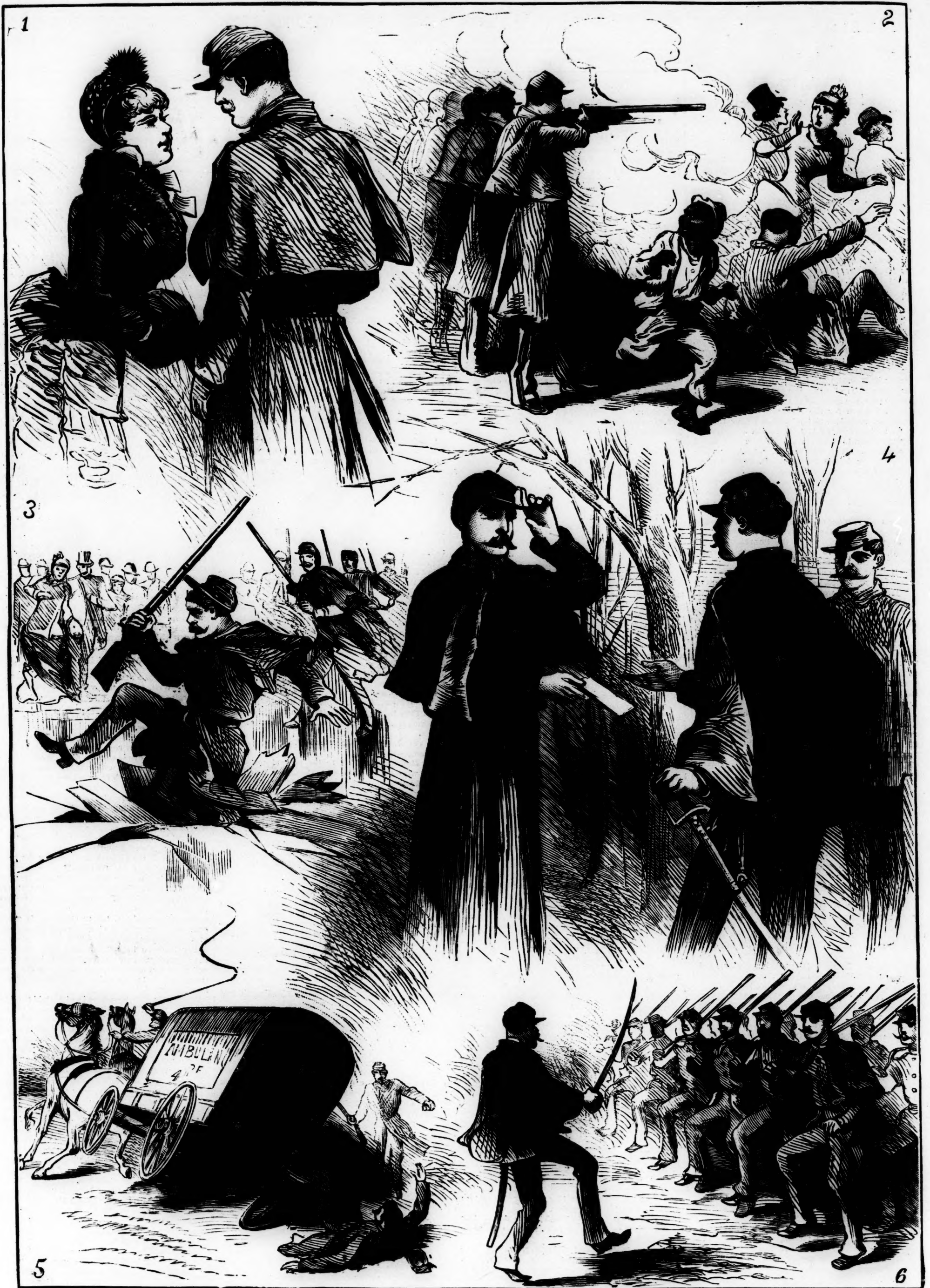
A scene was enacted at the Indianapolis Grand Opera House not down off the bills, which nearly resulted in changing the comedy of "Confusion" into a tragedy. A keg of beer had been sent to the stage hands, and several of them imbibed to excess. Stage carpenter Dally and Propertyman Grace engaged in a fight, which Edward Goodwin, brother of Nat, tried to stop, with the result of becoming embroiled himself in a fight with Grace. While thus engaged Dally cut Goodwin twice on the head, making severe scalp wounds. Nat Goodwin, hearing the scrimmage, as soon as he could leave the stage did so, just in time to see Dally's assault upon his brother. With a whoop he started after the offending carpenter, revolver in hand, and in his stage costume pursued the now terrified man two or three squares on the streets, but was unable to catch up with him. Ed. Goodwin's hurts were dressed, and when Nat had recovered his breath the play proceeded to a finish. But few people in the audience noticed the interruption. At last accounts Dally was still running.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

SPECIFIC VIRTUES IN DYSPEPSIA.

DR. A. JENKINS, Great Falls, N. H., says: "I can testify to its seemingly almost specific virtues in cases of dyspepsia, nervousness and morbid vigilance or wakefulness."

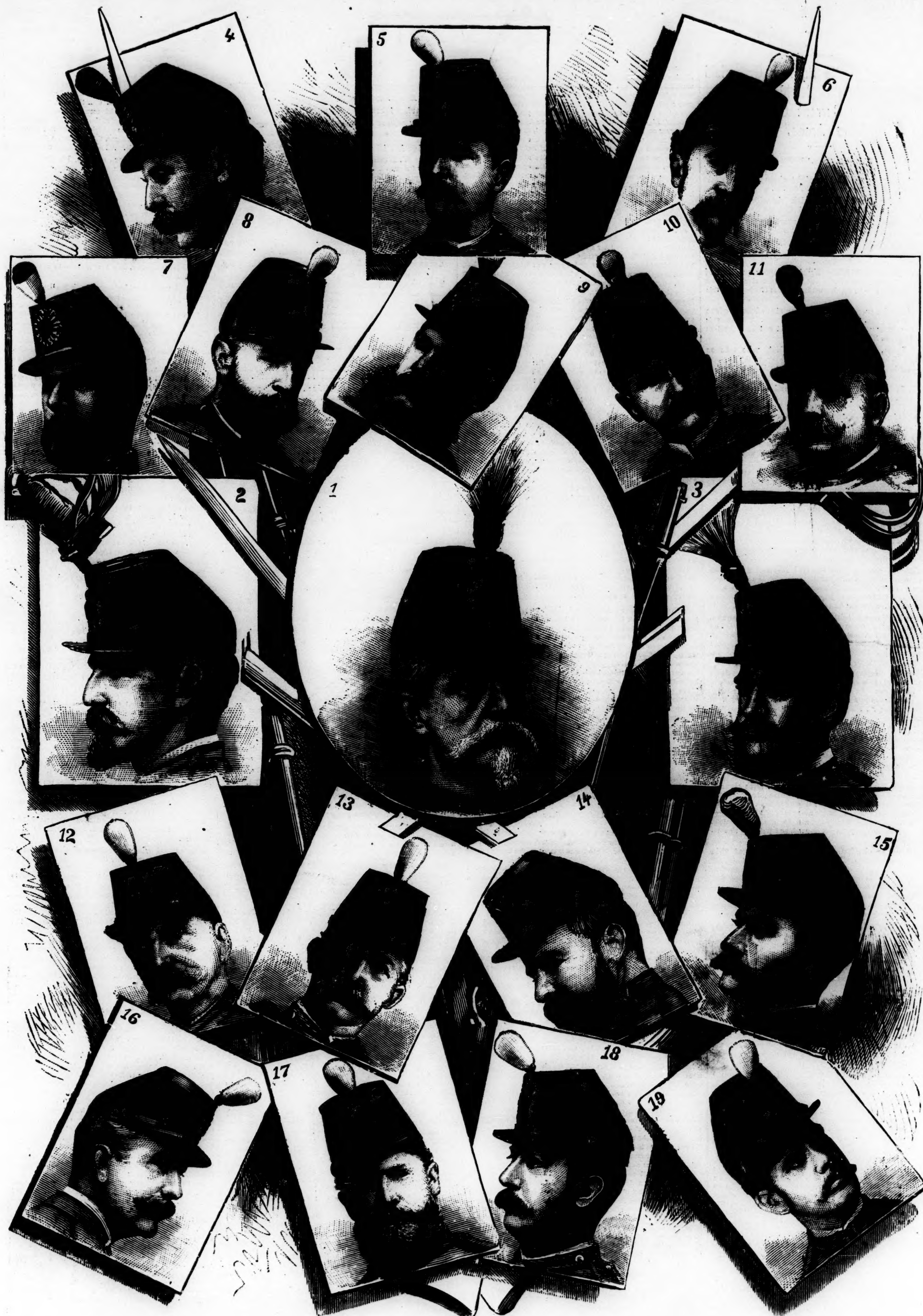
\$1.00 will pay for copy of GAZETTE 13 weeks, mailed regularly to your address.



THE FIGHTING FOURTEENTH.

BROOKLYN'S GALLANT AND HISTORIC REGIMENT HAS A FIELD DAY AT PROSPECT PARK.

I.—VENUS AND MARS. II.—A STEADY LINE OF DEFENSE. III.—BREAKING THE ICE. IV.—AN ORDER FOR MAJOR MICHELL V.—AN AMBULANCE (CLOSE) CALL. VI.—KEEPING WARM.



THE GALLANT SEVENTH.

NEW YORK'S FAVORITE MILITIA REGIMENT AND THE MEN WHO COMMAND IT.

I.—Col. Emmons Clark. II.—Lieut.-Col. George Moore Smith. III.—Major Allison. IV.—Commissary Covell. V.—Capt. Conover, A Company. VI.—Capt. Steele, B Company. VII.—Inspector Palmer. VIII.—Quartermaster Burrell. IX.—Adjutant Rand. X.—Surgeon Stimson. XI.—Assistant Surgeon Moreau. XII.—Capt. Pollard, C Company. XIII.—Capt. Felt, D Company. XIV.—Capt. Rhoads, E Company. XV.—Capt. Appleton, F Company. XVI.—Capt. Abrams, G Company. XVII.—Capt. Mills, H Company. XVIII.—Capt. Cady, I Company. XIX.—Capt. Lefferts, K Company.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

It is now certain that there will be a series of international yacht races for the America's cup.

On the 26th of February the New York Yacht Club held a special meeting, and the particular business was the consideration of the challenges from across the sea for the America's cup.

The following committee were selected to represent the yacht with full power to make all arrangements for the proposed races: Philip Schuyler, J. Fred. Tams, C. H. Robbins, J. A. Mott and J. R. Bush. The following is a copy of the official challenge:

"Dear Sir:—Referring to my letter of the 6th of December, last, I now beg to challenge on behalf of Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., and Lieut. Henn, R. N., for the America's cup, in accordance with Mr. Schuyler's letter of 4th of January, 1882, embodied in your letter of 15th February, 1882. Sir Richard Sutton challenges on behalf of the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which he is a member, and Lieut. Henn on behalf of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, of which he is a member.

"The regatta courses of both these clubs are on the sea, or upon the arms of the sea, and are practicable for yachts of 30 tons. I enclose letters from the secretaries of the Royal Yacht Squadron and the Royal Northern Yacht Club, authorizing Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., and Lieut. Henn, R. N., to challenge as representing these clubs.

"It is intended that Sir Richard Sutton's challenge shall take the priority of Lieut. Henn's challenge; therefore, if Sir Richard Sutton's yacht is fortunate enough to win the cup, Lieut. Henn's challenge, under the conditions of the contest paragraph, necessarily falls to the ground; but should Sir Richard Sutton's cutter be beaten it is proposed that the matches with Lieut. Henn's vessel shall take place as soon as practicable after those with Sir Richard Sutton's vessel.

"It is further proposed that the matches with the Germans shall be sailed between the 20th of August and the 1st of September, and those with the Greeks before the 15th of September, the latter date being within seven months of the date of this letter, as required by the eighth paragraph of the conditions.

"It is also proposed that each match shall consist of three races over the same course, sailed on different days, with at least one intervening day, either yacht winning two out of the three races to be the winner. As it was the intention of the donors of the cup, as expressed in Mr. Schuyler's letter of the 4th of January, 1882, that the contest for its possession should be sailed over an open sea course, it is the wish of the challengers that an ocean course should be selected free, so far as practicable, from all complications as to tides and shallow waters.

"The challengers further suggest that the time allowed between the competing yachts should be the means of the time allowed by the New York Yacht Club and the Yacht Racing Association on rules of measurement and time allowances. It is very important that the details of the races should be settled under the ninth paragraph of the conditions, because in the following paragraph there is a condition which might give advantage to the holders of the cup—namely, the condition which would enable them to name their representative at the time of the start, and then to select their vessel according to the weather. The challengers themselves do not attach much importance to this condition, but it is obviously desirable to avoid anything in such a contest which might have the appearance of giving an advantage to one side.

"The challengers, therefore, respectfully suggest for the purpose of settling the details referred to in paragraph 9, that each party should name a representative, with a referee mutually chosen. The challengers think that Mr. G. L. Schuyler, the surviving donor of the cup, would be the most appropriate person, if he would undertake the office, to act as referee, and if this suggestion meets with the concurrence of the New York Yacht Club and the challenger's name, J. M. Woodbury, fleet surgeon of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, as their representative. In conclusion I am to all that the challengers, desiring that these contests should be a true test between the American and English type of yacht, will do everything in their power to insure that result, and they feel satisfied that their views will be fully appreciated and reduplicated by the members of the New York Yacht Club. I shall be happy to furnish any other information that may be required. I remain, dear sir, for Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., and Lieut. Henn, R. N., yours faithfully, J. BEAVER WEBB."

Elbridge Cushman, President of the Plymouth County Agricultural Society, recently expected that Robert Bonner would allow Maud S. to trot at the society's fair because the fair is held upon soil that was tilled by the Pilgrims.

In reply, Mr. Bonner stated that he would not allow Maud S. to trot on any track for money so long as he owned her, but that he had promised Col. Edwards of the Cleveland Driving Association, that she should give an exhibition there, and probably he might let her trot on the grounds of that association, but not for money.

I am certain Mr. Bonner's statement will settle all rumors that Maud S. will trot here and there.

Mr. Bonner bought Maud S. just as he bought Dexter. Rarus and many others, for his own private use, and he is very sensible in not allowing them to trot here and there to please every one's curiosity.

I understand Wm. D. T. Goodman, the well-known sporting man, has christened his sporting saloon, which is situated on the southwest corner of Charleston and Lawrence streets, Xoblie, the "Police Gazette" Saloon.

The progress of the trotting turf during the past few years has simply been marvelous, and some of the races which were found profitable five or ten years ago are to-day cumbersome and behind the age.

By the way, the "Turf, Field and Farm" favors the three-day out from the record all performances slower than 2:45.

I endorse the movement, and believe in cutting down the limit so that official cognizance will be taken of nothing slower than 2:45.

I think if this plan is adopted there will be no necessity of publishing a long list of summaries that, owing to slowness of the performances, are of very little account in my opinion.

It is an indisputable fact that ten or fifteen years ago a horse that could trot in 3 minutes was considered of more account than a horse who can trot in 2:45 to-day.

Turf speculators have commenced to speculate on the prospects of their favorite winning the Kentucky Derby, and the majority are backing Green Morris \$12,000 purchase, Favor.

It is my opinion that a horse's head indicates his character very much as a man's does. Vice is shown in the eye and mouth, intelligence in the eye and the breadth between the ears and between the eyes, spirit in the eye and in the nose, in the nostril and a fine ear.

The size of the eye, the thinness of the skin, making the face bony, the large open nostrils, the fine ear and the thin lips and for top, and in the line of high breeding, and accompany high spirit, nervous organization, which, with good limbs and muscular power, insure a considerable degree of speed in the animal.

I have been informed that Andy McCarthy, light-weight jockey, will ride in New Orleans, in March he will begin

a two years' engagement with Commodore Kittson. McCarthy was formerly a bootblack in New Haven.

It is my opinion that foot handicaps and short-distance races at Philadelphia are on the decline, at least, so it appears, judging from the slim attendance lately.

The question now arises, what is the cause?

I will endeavor to explain. In the first place professional foot handicaps are not framed and conducted as they used to be some three years ago. At that time a foot handicap would create such a sensation that 4,000 people would be in attendance, and there would be between seventy and eighty runners.

Book-makers could easily make a \$1,000 book and gamblers would pay \$150 privilege for their stand; but not so now.

It seems as if all the interest has gone in foot-racing, and the old-time attendants who would "rustle in" in strong force to see their men either win or lose are now missing. Things are very different nowadays.

It is very rarely that there are fifty acceptances. Never more than 40 spectators. Book-makers never handle more than \$100, runners are always kicking about their starts and the referee is always being abused.

There is among many players a singular misconception of the definition of the new League rule governing the pitcher's position, the idea prevailing that the rule requires both of the pitcher's feet to be on the ground when the ball leaves his hand.

The fact is that the rule only requires him to keep the forward foot on the ground, the lifting of the backward foot being of no account, as the pitcher cannot lift that foot until the throw of the ball is made and the ball has left his hand.

By the English exchanges I see that the Duke of Hamilton is the best represented owner in the entries for the Grand National in England.

Last year's winner, Voluntary, has again been nominated, and Seaman and Cyrus have been afforded a chance of fighting their battles of 1882 over again. Among the promising novices may be noted Canadash, Ivanhoe, Ben More and Belero.

The turf world, so far from jogging merrily on, as is its wont at the proper season, is just now laboring painfully in the effort to get through that period of inactivity which, to the faithful slaves and followers, is such an admitted bore. Time flies, without doubt, with even still less an exact rapidity, but the speed of this flight is well known to be regulated by circumstances inherent to individuals, and while to some life is so short and its fleeting moments too speedily slip from the inconstant grasp of mortal men, there are and must be others who, apart from that which "their soul takes delight in," regard the whole business as "precious slow."

I think Maud S. will be in great demand on all the trotting tracks this season.

I think it will be a great deal better for the stewards of the tracks to court Robert Bonner's good graces to secure the appearance of the trotting queen, for large purses, I am sure, will be no temptation.

I think if Hole captures one of the great events he will be lucky.

By the way, St. Saviour, the full brother to the great Hole, who is entered for the Ascot Gold Cup, is still at Jerome Park under the careful eye of Eph Snodcker.

It is now settled that the Chicago Baseball Club will not occupy its old grounds on the lake front.

It is my opinion that they will not occupy or win the baseball championship.

The only League baseball club that maintained a reserve team throughout last season was the Boston.

Experience teaches, and I do not think they will give the experiment another trial.

I think the champion baseball umpire of 1885 will be Bob Ferguson, the well-known Brooklyn player and manager.

I see the rival eight-oared crews of Oxford and Cambridge row their annual race on March 28.

Oxford already is the favorite.

I understand Batchelor, the owner of the Canadian racing-mare Princess Baa, was caught trying to run crooked at New Orleans.

The attempted steal was so clumsily executed that everybody knew Princess Baa was pulled.

Why pool-selling should be suppressed and book-making allowed is a mystery we have never yet been able to fathom. Is the latter more moral than the former? If it is difficult to bet, surely there is as much immorality in handling your money to a book-maker as there is in giving it over to a pool-seller.

Hugh J. McCormick, the wonderful skater, has arrived home safe at St. John, N. H.

I think McCormick is a great contrast to all other skaters. When he speeds he stoops low down and appears to use a very short stride, moving his legs quickly.

I have not the least doubt but that he can come within a shade of Fish Smart's time for 1 mile, which is the best on record.

Prior to McCormick leaving for St. John, N. H., he published the following card in the Daily News:

"Time and again during the winter season at St. John, N. H., I have accomplished some fast performances on skates. I beat Axel Paulsen's time for 1 mile and other distances at St. John, N. H., but the Spirit of the Times doubted my abilities.

"That journal stated that there were any number of fast skaters in New York who would quite readily arrange a race with me if I came here, and offered purses of \$50 if I would skate certain distances in stipulated time. I came here with my brother and I backed to arrange matches with any one.

"I deposited a forfeit with Richard K. Fox at the Police Gazette office and issued a challenge to skate any man in the United States for from 1 to 5 miles, but no one would meet me. Finding my trip was a failure in that respect, I decided to skate for the money the Spirit of the Times offered. I had a trial at a Hoboken rink. I came within 6 seconds according to the time-keepers, of the time specified to win, but I am certain the track was more than 1,760 yards.

"I decided to try again on Feb. 22, and notified Mr. Wm. B. Curtis, but he stated that he did not receive the notification. I skated a mile in 3 minutes 9½ seconds, beating the time the Spirit of the Times had offered."

Geo. Rice is quite confident of capturing the Kentucky Derby with the Harry O'Fallon colt Falconer. John Churchill, of Louisville, owns Falconer. It is more than likely that Rice is anxious to have the book-makers make Falconer a favorite.

Green Morris will have a great racing stable this season. In addition to the speedy Followplay he has the four promising three-year-olds Favor, Ten Stone, Freeman and Beran. Followplay, when at his best, is about as speedy as the best, but he is unreliable.

\$1.00 will pay for copy of GAZETTE 13 weeks, mailed regularly to your address.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

G. C. L.—Draw poker.
J. G. Cincinnati.—No.
W. G. Troy, N. Y.—Yes.
J. B. Baltimore.—A win.
W. E. M. Baltimore, Md.—Yes.
W. E. T. Wytheville, Va.—In 1875.
B. Philadelphia.—No. 2. Yes.
H. S. A. Portland, Me.—He has no manager.
Y. C. C. Tumbon, Mass.—We cannot enter you.
F. M. T. Battle Creek, Mich.—Thanks for items.
CONSTANT READER, New York.—Have not the date.
C. F. E. Omaha, Neb.—There is no 6-day race arranged.
C. K. Bartlett Springs, Cal.—A's two points put him out.
L. E. D. Philadelphia.—Write to some theatrical manager.
V. G. E. North Shapleigh, Me.—Send on photo and sketch.
H. C. B. Duncan, Arizona.—No. 1 is first in the skating season.
A. Sumacum, Sayre, Pa.—The shield on the coin is the head.
J. E. Glen Falls, N. Y.—The Chicago fire took place Oct. 8-10, 1871.

J. W. N. Florida, Ala.—At what distances do you want the best time?
D. F. Chicago, Ill.—John L. Sullivan stands 5 ft 10½ in in height.
P. S. F. Pittsburgh.—M should have claimed out when he took his last trick.

H. B. B. Elk River.—Send your address and \$1, and we will mail you rules.
E. S. Nelsonville, Ohio.—Send on a forfeit and we will publish your challenge.

D. M. Cincinnati.—Dexter's fastest time was 2:17¼ in harness, made at Buffalo.
S. J. D. Indianola, St. John, N. B.—Edward Hanlan's rowing weight is 150 lbs.

J. H. McJannet, New York.—Patrick Fitzgerald's record of 610 miles is the best.

J. H. L. Hastings, Minn.—The race is over. Your communication arrived too late.

J. L. S. Marshalltown, Ia.—No. 2. Jem Mace was not related to Jimmy Macey.

W. C. H. Los Angeles, Cal.—Send your name and address to our advertising department.

G. H. Bay City.—1. Mike McCool, the pugilist, is not dead. 2. He was born March 12, 1837.

H. K. Paterson, N. J.—Frank Murphy is the 116-pound champion pugilist of Birmingham, Eng.

P. B. Chicago, Ill.—You must mean Billy Donnelly—never heard of Patrick Connolly in this city.

W. H. S. Waterbury, Conn.—American Girl was owned by Wm. Lovell, and died at Elmira, N. Y.

S. W. Holyoke, Mass.—Hinda Rose created a mile when a yearling in 2:36½, and 2:19½ when three years old.

CONSTANT READER, Pontiac, Ill.—Must send your request with name and address to our advertising department.

J. M. D. Washington.—Patrick Clifford, the Australian earman, is thirty-eight years old, and weighs 178 lbs.

L. M. Troy, N. Y.—Tom King was defeated by Jim Mace on Jan. 28, 1852. King in turn defeated Mace, Nov. 26, 1862.

A. CONSTANT READER, Baker City, Oregon.—Write to The World Manufacturing Co., No. 123 Kansas street, New York City.

H. W. Cincinnati.—Col. Daniel McDaniels, who died at Mobile, Ala., Jan. 21, 1883, did not own Harry Bassett.

G. H. W. East Boston.—Send 30 cents to this office for the "American Athlete." It will give you all the information.

P. J. B. Philadelphia.—The omission to give your name precludes the possibility of our making inquiry on the subject.

S. E. L. Harrisburg, Pa.—The first trotting course in the Southern States was inaugurated at Mobile, Ala., in May, 1837.

J. M. B. Hartford, Conn.—1. Dante Allighieri was born at Florence, Italy, May 27, 1265. 2. He died at Ravenna, Sept. 27, 1321.

G. R. Attila, Ohio.—If you desire the names and residences of a number of jockeys, get an advertisement in the Police Gazette.

G. M. Troy, N. Y.—Sherman, Thurston and Joe Coburn seconded Tom Allen when he fought Jim Mace at New Orleans, La. E. N. Bortolow, N. J.—The most prosperous cotton mills in Great Britain are those run on cooperative principles at Ashmole, L. W. Philadelphia, Pa.—No. 1. Price of a 4-rod 4 Jim (Australian) Kelly in 11 rounds, lasting 2½, at Point Albion, Canada, Oct. 6, 1850.

E. M. D. Georgetown.—Abe Hicken and Larry Foley fought in Australia, March 13, 1878. Foley won in 15 rounds, lasting 1½ 20m.

C. D. Buffalo, N. Y.—One hundred rats were killed in 5m 30s by the dog Billy, in England. 2. Lady Suffolk trotted 161 races, winning 88.

D. M. C. Lewiston, Me.—Send to this office for the "Battles of the English and American Champions." It will give you all the information.

J. W. B. Boston, Mass.—Edwin Bibby was born at Ashton Under Lyne, Lancashire, England, on Nov. 15, 1848, and is thirty-six years of age.

J. C. T. "Police Gazette" Shades, River Point, E. I.—1. The five fingers in forty-five cents ten, and puts you out. 2. Yes, it calls for a heart.

P. M. McDonald.—You omit to send your post-office address. If you send same to our advertising department your request will receive attention.

W. H. Hartford, Conn.—Duncan C. Ross, the champion all-round athlete, holds the "Police Gazette" champion medal for mixed wrestling.

A. CONSTANT READER, New York.—At cribbage you can never win by pegging backward. B must play until the game is finished before he can claim out.

H. B. Ypsilanti, Mich.—1. Busy Body, three years old, by Peter, was the largest winning race-horse in 1884. 2. His earnings amounted to \$32,125.

S. W. Hartford.—The party who threw 36 had no claim to first or second prize. A takes first, having beaten B in throwing off the tie. B takes second money.

H. W. Portland, Me.—Whelpley, the Canadian champion, did not skate 5 miles in 12m 42s, nor anything like it. He covered 3 miles 1,420 yards in the time given.

E. F. A. Fargo, D. T.—1. John Hyer was born Jan. 1, 1819. 2. He beat Country McClellan 8-pt. 9, 1841. 3. He beat Yankee Sullivan Feb. 7, 1849. 4. He died Jan. 28, 1863.

D. A. Boston, Mass.—Levy is considered the greatest cornet-player. He measures 56 in around the chest, and is said to have the largest lungs of any musician in the world.

Jumbo, New York.—1. The fastest time for running 300 yards by a professional is 30s, made by H. Hutchins, at Edinburgh, Jan. 2, 1884. 2. L. E. Myers, 31½s, New York City, Oct. 22, 1861.

J. S. W. Portsmouth, N. H.—Sallie Benton, 2:17½, and sixty other four-year-old trotters have beaten 2:30, and no less than 118 five-year-olds have beaten that time, Jay-Eye-See's 2:10½ being the best.

G. E. S. Scranton, N. Y.—Jonathan Smith and Jim, better known as Australian Kelly, fought the longest prize fight on record. It was fought near Melbourne, Australia, in November, 1855, and lasted 6½ and 15m.

J. O. B. Hanback, Kan.—The circumference of the shore end of the Atlantic cable is 8½ in, and that of the deep sea part is 3¼ in. The cable gradually tapers off from the larger to the smaller size as the water deepens.

E. M. St. Joseph.—1. Mitchell is twenty-three years of age, stands 5 ft 8½ in in height and tips the beam at 150 lbs. 2. John L. Sullivan stands 5 ft 10½ in in height, is twenty-six years of age and weighs 196 lbs.

J. C. L. New York.—A antes 25 cents, B's straddle costs him 50 cents, C's stay costs him \$1. C costs A 75 cents to come in; costs B 50 cents to come in, which makes A B and C have \$1 each in the pot before the draw.

M. W. Boston.—St. Gatten, the English race-horse, has never been beaten. He won all his races outright, except the English Derby, for which, in 1884, he ran a dead heat with Harvester, the stakes being divided.

G. M. Syracuse, N. Y.—Fortress Monroe is the largest single fortification in the world. It has already cost the government over \$4,000,000. The water battery is considered one of the finest military works in the world.

D. M. Dayton, O.—1. Josh Ward did row a 10-mile race, and a win. On Nov. 5, 1880, Josh Ward rowed 10 miles on the Hudson river, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., against Wm. Burger, for \$500. 2. Ward won in 1½ 25m.

A. B. Washington, D. C.—1. Jumbo is the largest elephant in the civilized world. 2. He is 11 ft 6 in in height. The measurement of his ears when outspread is 15 ft, and he can reach upward 26 ft with his trunk.

M. W. G. Baltimore, Md.—The best record for throwing a cricket ball in England is 322 ft 3 in, made by W. H. Gane, at Oxford, March 13, 1873, and in America, 347 ft, made by J. Von Iland, Kingston, Ont., Oct. 19, 1868.

A. D. Wilkesbarre.—The largest university in England is Oxford. It consists of twenty-five colleges and five halls. Oxford was the seat of learning in the time of Edward the Confessor. It claims to have been founded by Alfred.

S. S. Hamilton, Ohio.—1. Daniel O'Leary in his race with Weston in England, April, 1877, covered (by walking) 519¼ miles 265 yards in 14th day 10m. 2. The circulation of the Police Gazette is steadily increasing. 3. Yes; it is over 100,000.

J. J. W. New York City.—Send for the "Life and Battles of the Champions of the English and American Prize Ring," to this office; the book contains all the information. John C. Heenan and Tom King only fought once, and the latter won.

H. W. Boston.—John Hughes, better known as the Lepper, was entered for the O'Leary international 6-day go-as-you-please race in January, 1881, by Richard K. Fox. Hughes won the race, beating all the 6 day records, and covered 568 miles.

W. W. S. Albany.—1. The most remarkable artificial echo known is that in the Castle of Simancas, about two miles from Milan. 2. It is occasioned by the existence of two parallel walls of considerable length. It repeats the report of a pistol sixty times.

J. W. Baltimore, Md.—Five horses beat 2:30 in their two-year-old form. WIM Flower, 2:31; Bonita, 2:34½; Fred. Crocker, 2:35½; Sweetheart, 2:37½; and Carrie C. 2:37½. The three-year-olds that beat 2:30 number twenty-five, headed by Hinda Rose, 2:19½.

S. W. Rutland, Vt.—1. No. 2. The additions to these lists in 1874 were as follows: Throes to the three-year-olds, thirteen to the four-year-olds, and twenty-five to the five-year-olds. The total number of horses that have beaten 2:30 before, or in their five-year-old form, stood up 502.

Susacumma, New York.—1. Paddy Ryan did not knock Sullivan down in his battle with the latter at Mississippi City. 2. Charles Mitchell is the only pugilist that accomplished that feat, although it is claimed Hogan, a New Haven pugilist, knocked Sullivan down in a glove contest at Providence, E. I.

S. W. Nashville, Tenn.—1. Yes. 2. In January, 1881, Richard K. Fox posted a forfeit of \$500 with the Spirit of the Times and offered to match John Hughes to go-as-you-please 6 days for \$1,000 a side or upward against Charles Howell or any man in the world, but the money was not covered or the challenge accepted.

W. S. St. Louis, Mo.—There are to-day seventy-one co-operative cotton mills in Oldham, with \$77,000,000 of capital, operating 4,217,073 spindles, and selling \$27,000,000 worth of goods annually. The outfit represents more spindles than there are in Russia, Italy, Spain and Austria, and nearly as many as in Germany or France.

G. S. McL. Fargo, D. T.—1. Patrick Clifford was easily defeated. 2. There is no record for roller-skating. One-half the tracks these performances are made on are short. 3. The fastest time for 1-mile rowing is not authentic. 4. The fastest time for 3-mile rowing that is authentic is 20m 3s, made by George H. Homer at Hulton, Pa., on Sept. 28, 1883.

J. A. M. Hastings, Minn.—1. The prize fight arranged between Herbert A. Blade and Charles Mitchell on April 13, 1873, did not take place owing to Blade's backers refusing to go on with the match after the authorities decided to prevent the fight. 2. The referee, John Scanlan, decided the glove contest between Charley Mitchell and Jack Burke a draw.

J. S. W. Boston.—The following is the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America's definition of an amateur: "An amateur is any person who has never competed for money, or under a false name, or with a professional trainer or where gate money is charged, nor has ever at any time taught, pursued or assisted at athletic exercises for money or for any valuable consideration."

G. G. Chicago, Ill.—1. John C. Heenan's first battle in the magic circle was with John Morrissey. 2. The pugilist met at Long Point, Canada, Oct. 20, 1858. 3. Morris was won in 11 rounds, lasting 21m. Heenan's next battle was with Tom Savers, which ended in a draw after 37 rounds, fought in 2½ 2m, at Farnborough, Eng., April 17, 1860. His last battle was with Tom King, at Wadhurst, Eng., Dec. 10, 1863.

G. B. Baltimore, Md.—1. Jem Belcher was a butcher by trade. 2. He was born at Bristol, Eng., in 1761. 3. He beat Paddington Jones when he was nineteen years of age, in 33m. 4. Belcher lost his eye July 24, 1805, when playing rackets. He was defeated by Harry Pearce, the "Game Chicken," Dec. 6, 1806, in 18 rounds, lasting 3m. He was twenty-nine when he fought Pearce, and died July 30, 1811, at London, when he was thirty-one years of age.

E. N. St. Louis, Mo.—The winnings of the get of King Alfonso, A. J. Alexander's horse, in 1884, amounted to \$72,137.75, the ch. f. Little Dwyer leading with \$12,070 to her credit. King Alfonso's forty-eight representatives on the turf last year started 521 times, finishing first 80 times, second 97 times, third 68 times, and running unplaced 276 times. The gross winnings of his get for the six years they have been on the turf amount to \$283,605.23. He is second on the list of winning stallions in 1884.

W. M. Brattleboro, Vt.—1. No. 2. Green Morris paid \$12,000 to O. D. Wilson for Favor, the Kentucky Derby favorite. Favor won five of his eight engagements in 1884, viz: the McGrathian, beating Troubadour; the Post stakes, beating Joe Cotton, etc.; the Runnymede, beating three others; the Clark, beating Troubadour and six others, and the Thomas stakes, beating Bonanza and four others in 1:45½ with 113 lbs. In the Kenawau, at Chicago, he was nowhere to 1 and Murphy, Verano and Troubadour, and in the Hyde Park he was nowhere to Verano at 5 lbs difference.

E. M. Chicago, Ill.—1. Peter Corcoran and Sam Peters fought at Wallham Abbey, England, June 17, 1871. 2. No; there is no account of it in "Pistiana," nor of any of Corcoran's battles. The fight between Peters and Corcoran was a desperate one, and at the end of 10m Peters was knocked out of time. Corcoran, as a pugilist of his period, stood in the first rank. He generally engaged with powerful pugilists, and was unfortunate in his combats. As he never shifted or fell, unless accidentally, without a blow, he seldom escaped a severe drubbing.

M. S. W. Bridgeport, Pa.—1. Dr. W. F. Carver has broken a 100 glass ball in 3m 45s.



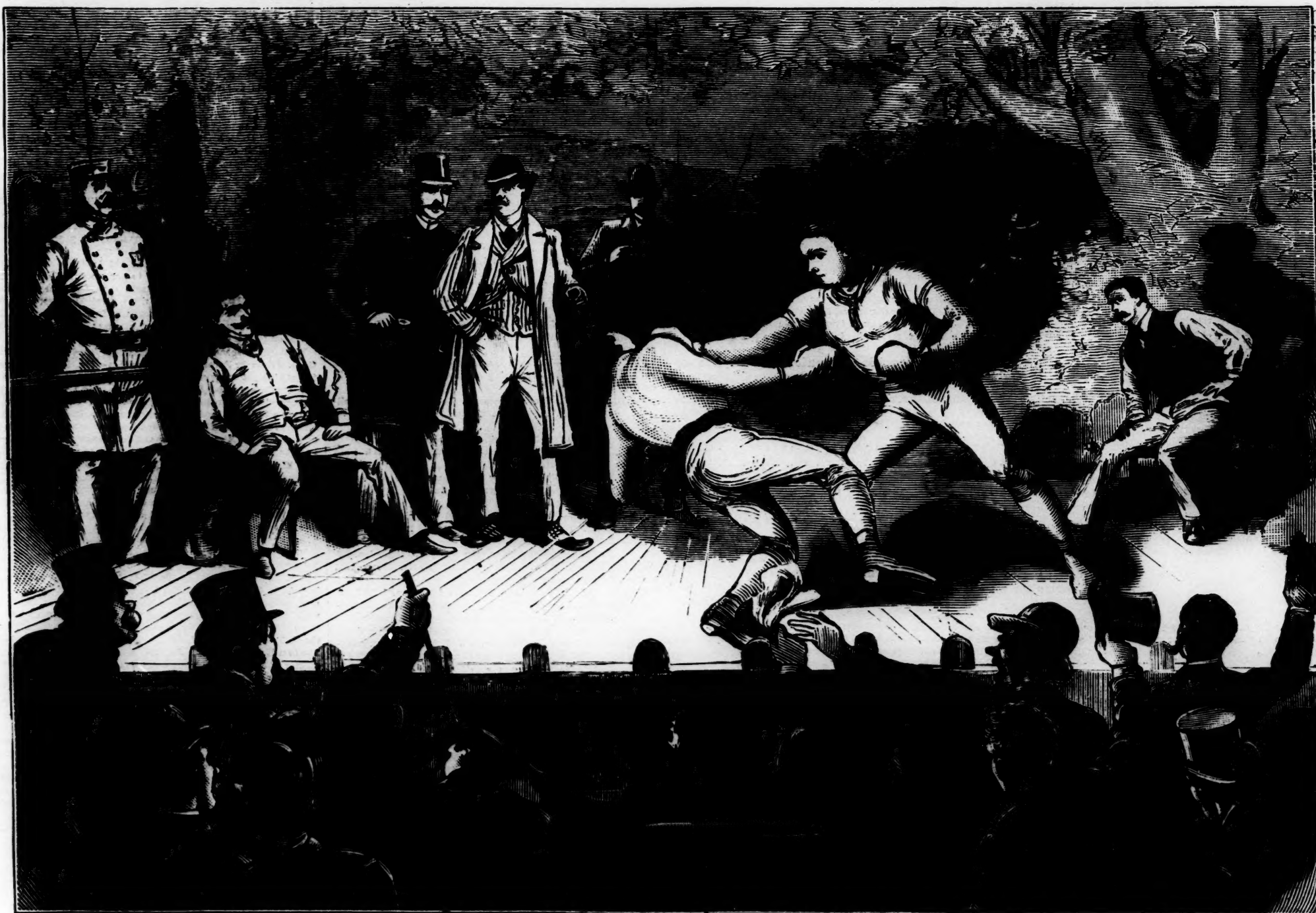
HAZING GEORGE GOULD.

THE SON OF HIS FATHER IS INTRODUCED, WITH THE USUAL CEREMONIES, TO THE FLOOR OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.



HE FELT A DRAUGHT.

THE EXTRAORDINARY RECOURSE TO AN UMBRELLA OF WHICH A MAN WAS GUILTY IN A BROOKLYN THEATRE.



FRYER VS. GREENFIELD.

THE EXCITING AND ARTISTIC COMBAT BETWEEN ALF. GREENFIELD AND GEO. FRYER IN INDUSTRIAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA.



JACK NAPOLEON.

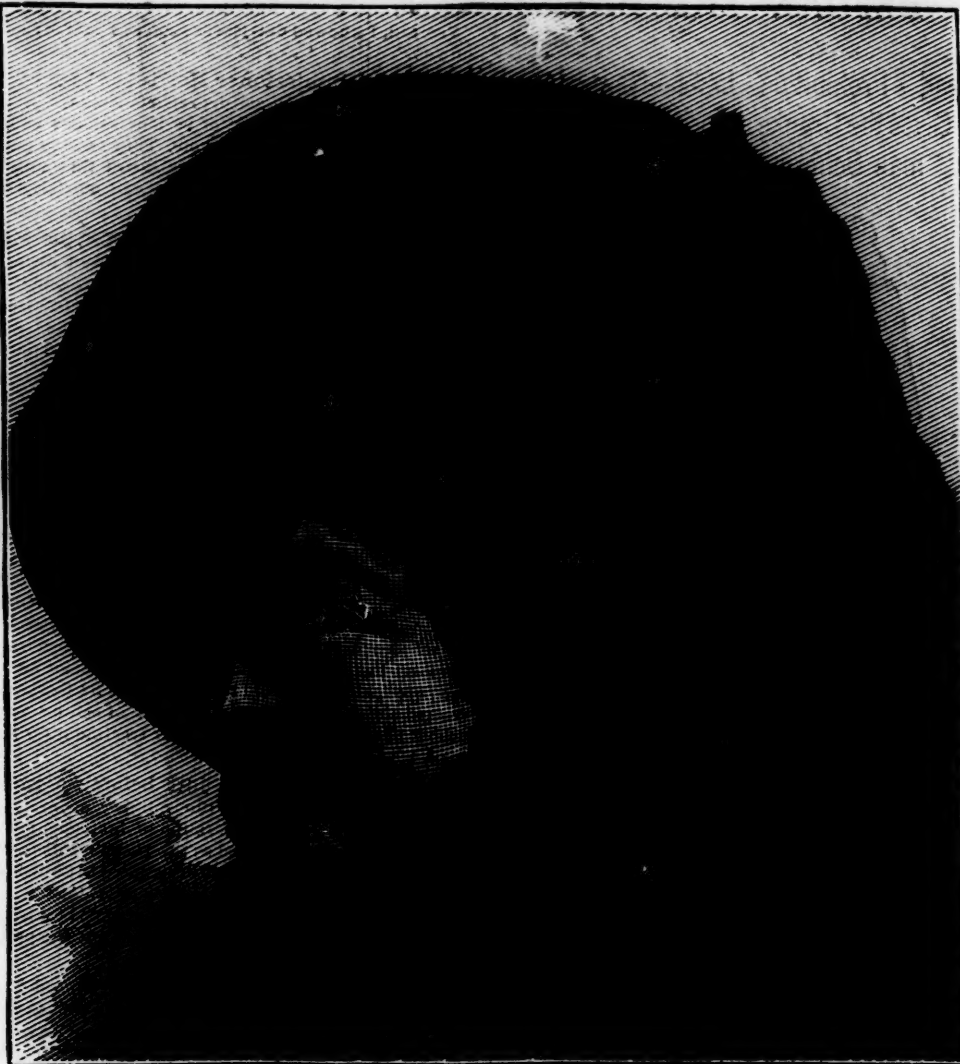
THE AMAZINGLY CLEVER AND VALIANT CHAMPION OF THE CANINE RACE.

Jack Napoleon.

Jack Napoleon is by Crib, the former champion of England, out of an imported Irish slut. He is two years and eight months old, and is a pure white in color, being without a single mark. He was bred in Pittsburg, and came into the possession of his present owner, Patrick Kirley, of Pittsburg, about a year ago. His first important fight was against the St. Louis dog Bowser, for \$500 a side, and the battle took place near Pittsburg in October last. The dogs fought

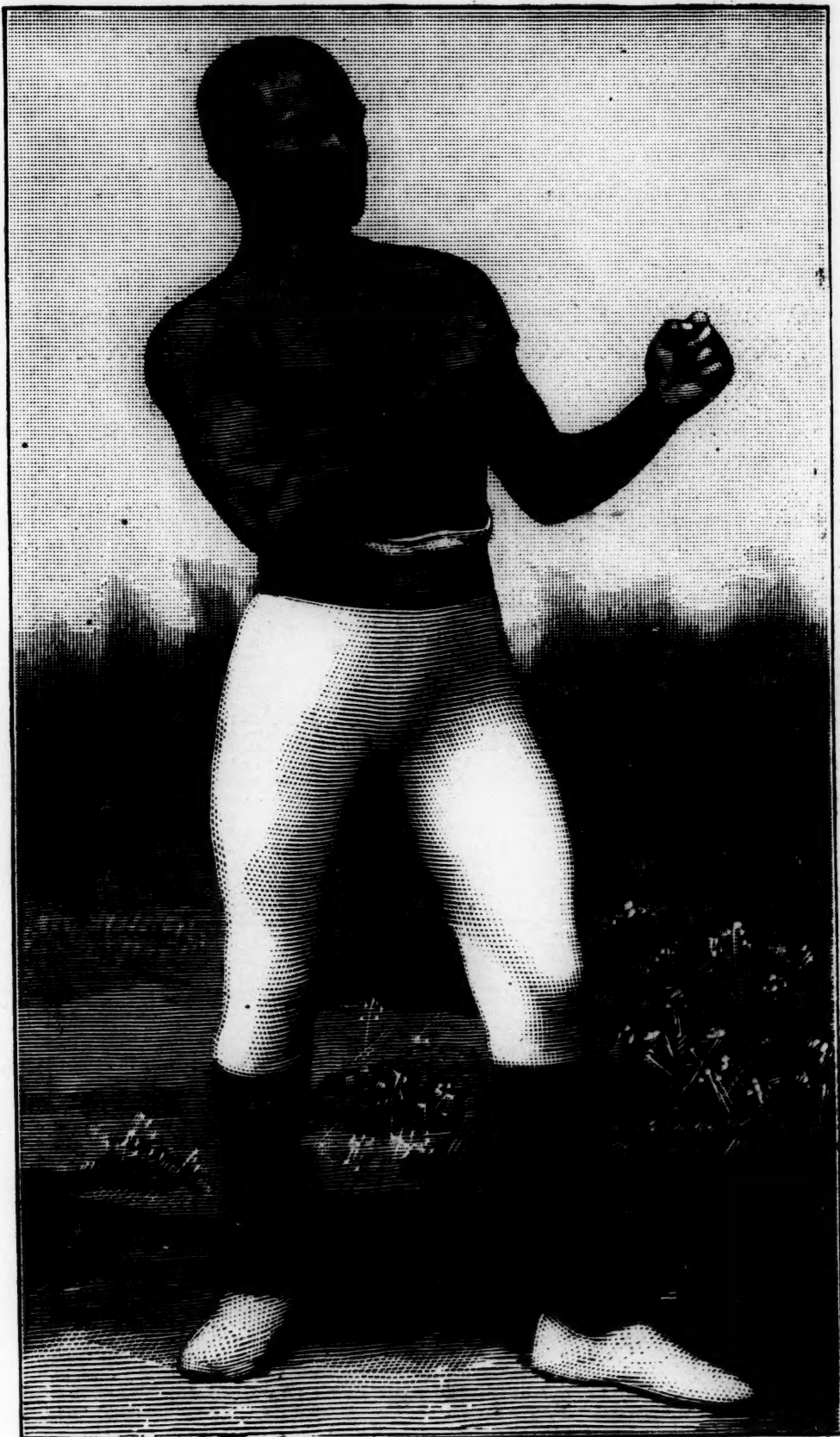
1 hour and 55 minutes, and Jack was declared the winner at the seventeenth scratch. His next battle was against a Louisville dog, a full breed, the so-called champion, Sport, for \$1,200 a side. The fight lasted 1 hour and 45 minutes, and the Louisville dog was killed at the seventh scratch. His third important fight was with a dog owned in East Liberty, for \$250 a side. Jack won in 22 minutes, after 1 scratch. His last battle was against an imported English bull, for \$150 a side. Jack went in-

to this fight without any training whatever, and won in 45 minutes, after three scratches. The last three battles took place at Collier's Station, W. Va., dates not obtainable. On Dec. 24, 1883, he fought the Wheeling dog Crib, at Martin's, W. Va., for \$800, and won in 35 minutes. He then defeated Sport, of Louisville, Ky., for \$2,000, and a West Virginia canine. Jack fights at 33 pounds, give or take 1 pound, and Kirley has repeatedly offered to match him against any dog in America at this weight for from \$1,000 to \$3,000 a side.



MYRTLE KINGSLAND.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND ELOQUENT YOUNG LADY WHO LECTURES AS A STAR IN DIME MUSEUMS.



JOHN BANKS.

A FORTUNE COLORED FUGITIVE OF VIRGINIA, WHO ASPIRES TO CHAMPIONSHIP HONORS.

[Photo by John Wood.]



HUGH J. MCCORMICK.

THE PHENOMENAL SKATER FROM ST. JOHN, N. B., WHO BEAT THE RECORD IN HOBOKEN, N. J.

[Photo by John Wood.]

BEFORE THE BAR.

Dead Prohibition Laws--New Jersey Gives the Cranks a Dose--Congressman Belford to the Front, Etc.



BERNARD LEAVY.

Mr. Leavy is well known in the trade as an enterprising, upright business man. Ever since he first arrived in this country he has been connected with the spirit world. A few years ago he was the proprietor of a handsome headquarters for prominent Brooklynites on Myrtle avenue, from which he retired to enter the wholesale trade. He is now in the Leavy & Britton Brewing Company, where he conducts the outside business, which has grown so large in the last few years. His Canada Malt and India Pale ales are now perhaps the most popular in the market, the latter being quite as sparkling, light and good as the imported Bass. Personally, Mr. Leavy is a social, good-hearted gentleman, a favorite in a large circle in the two great cities, a prominent member of several societies, and the able president of the Emerald Association, of Brooklyn.

Prohibition is one form of insanity.

The Iowa dealers write his name Diol Lewis.

Tha'mage's up in arms because some of the poor buy beer on the Sabbath.

The Brooklyn Excise League have raised \$3,000 to fight the dealers of that city.

The New York delegations did justice to the Washington beverages at the inauguration.

"A sin against God and humanity" is what a Boston temperance society calls the use of tobacco.

Toltec, Ohio, has become a great beer center. It is said that \$3,000,000 is spent there annually for beverages.

The Canadian government has decided not to compensate brewers in the different counties where the Scott Law has been adopted.

The blue-nose, high-license, crank liquor law, which passed the Minnesota House of Representatives, was killed in the Senate.

"Give us pure liquor and plenty of it," said Congressman James Buephalus Belford the other day in the House of Representatives.

Congressman Belford would have free trade in liquor, but would railroad the dealer who adulterates the spirit. We wish him success.

A Boston policeman got drunk on post the other day, and the local papers gave the subject a full column each. It's terrible just to think of it.

Even the Brooklyn cranks are obliged to dilute the dirty water which comes from Ridgewood with a wee bit of whisky of late. It's so muddy and unhealthy.

The teetotalers of England worked themselves in a high old temper because the Queen gave Prince Albert Victor a silver punch-bowl as a birthday present.

By an exactly two-third vote the House of the Michigan Legislature agreed a few days ago to submit a prohibitory liquor amendment to the people. The measure is expected to fail in the Senate.

The farmers on Long Island are kicking because the railroads carry beer cheaper than milk. The railroads claim that much more beer is carried, naturally making the rate lower for the beverage.

The temperance fanatics' bill in the New Jersey Legislature requiring the effects of alcohol to be taught in all public schools was cut to pieces in the Senate with amendments, and will probably be abandoned.

The officers of the law feel very sick when they arrest bartenders, as in the case of the National theatre on the Bowery, and find the beer is "weiss." The judge did right in giving them a severe lecture for being so stupid.

Legislatures all over the country are being appealed to by those interested in temperance agitation to introduce into the public schools instruction as to the effects of alcohol, and it is charged that in many cases the bills are so framed as to create a market for unsalable books, or provide a pleasant job for some philanthropist in compiling a new one.

At one time all the churches declaimed against the use of tobacco, but now there is no religious denomination of any importance which forbids it. In fact, there are many great smokers among the clergy. It only requires a little more civilization to wipe out the cranks against the proper use of liquor.

A legislator representing Galveston in the Texas Legislature, hired a colored man to wait on him. "I want you to be reliable and always on hand," said the Island City saloon. "Yes, sah." "You must be

neat and polite." "Yes, sah." "I don't mind a man taking a drink now and then, as I do that myself." "Yes, sah, I knowed dat jess as soon as I laid my eyes on you."

Excise Commissioner Morris has been bothering his colleagues by getting reports from the police showing the bad character of various saloons which had been licensed against his vote. They tried to put a stop to this by advising the Police Board that only a majority of the Excise Board can call officially for such information.

The failure of the peach crop along the west bank of the Hudson river above Newburgh for several years, has discouraged the peach-growers, and they have resolved to pull up their young peach-trees and give more attention to grapes. The result, they predict, will be that the banks of the Hudson will compete with California in wine-making.

The Rhode Island Prohibition party met in convention recently and nominated a State ticket. William H. Barron, of Providence, acted as chief crank. A lively and protracted discussion was held over the platform and resolutions which set forth in strong terms the firm and relentless hunt on the manufacturer and seller of the genial spirits and its terrible purpose to obtain prohibition in the State.

Herman Kaatz, who keeps a saloon on Fifth street, Williamsburgh, is a martyr in the trade. Over two long years he has fought the Excise Commissioners, who have refused to give him a license. Three times he has been acquitted by sympathetic juries when brought to trial, and recently again he has been arrested and held on another charge of selling beer without license. He deserves better treatment for his pluck.

Ex-President Arthur, just before he went out of office, directed that the number of internal revenue districts in North Carolina be increased from two to three, to be numbered as the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth. Isaac J. Young has been designated as Collector of the Fourth district, and Mr. Thomas A. Cooper as Collector of the Sixth district. It is expected that the vacancy in the Fifth district will be filled by the present administration.

The St. John fanatics last year betrayed the Republican cause in Wyoming county, in this State, and defeated their own prospects for "no license" system. At the town meetings last week the Republicans voted the license ticket, and six temperance towns, who were proud of being the banner prohibitionists of the county, elected "license" committeemen who will open the saloons again and give the citizens a chance to take their cocktails at liberty.

Southern California is becoming the wine-producing soil of the world. Great stimulus is given to grape-growing. In every direction the land is being plowed for the use of the vine. People are beginning to learn that grapes may form a large part of the food of a family, and are also good food for hogs, and will produce food for the porker where corn will not grow without irrigation. Figs are also most delicious food for hogs, especially young and growing animals. At least a million vines will be planted in the vicinity of San Gabriel Mission during this season, and 500,000 will be planted in the Duarte and on the east side of the San Gabriel river.

The New Jersey Assembly Judiciary Committee reported adversely the prohibition amendment to the Constitution bill that slipped so easily through the Senate recently. Speaker Armstrong, and Braker, Corbin, Haltes, Gangewer, and Jenkins, all Republicans, opposed the report. Besson and Chapman, Democrats, and Frambach, Murphy, Keady, Parker, and Harrison supported the committee. Harrison said he would vote for temperance measures, but when it came to prohibition he thought the prohibitionists had better go to their party for votes. The temperance people never doubted their ability to upset the committee's report, and were thunderstruck when the roll call showed 37 votes--20 Republicans and 17 Democrats--in favor of the adverse report, and only 20 votes--14 Republicans and 6 Democrats--with them against the committee. There was not a single dodger on the dead bill.

A Neapolitan correspondent writes: "Wine at Naples is dear for Italy, because it has to pay an octroi duty of ten centimes the litre; but I have brought to my house, all bottled and nicely corked, most excellent wine at twelve cents per bottle. Of course I return the bottles. I buy very good table wine in the wood, but not equal to the above, for ten cents a bottle. I only wish that of the many million gallons purchased annually by France from Italy you could have a few bottles just as it went to the wood, in New York. There is a considerable quantity exported in bottles, but for private use. Italian wines within the last few years have found great favor at the London clubs, the Cilanti, from Tuscany, being especially liked. The first six months of this year have seen a large increase in the exports of Italian wines to foreign countries besides France."

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp naming the paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE importance of a form of daily exercise has been facilitated by the introduction of the Patent Elastic Striking Air-Bag, which is suitable for men, ladies, children or gymnasium use. A. R. Ramsey & Co., of Cleveland, O., presents its merits through our advertising columns.

ATLANTIC CITY is a favorite resort in the early spring for New Yorkers, and the Pennsylvania Railroad, always on the alert for public patronage, have placed a through parlor-car on the train, leaving New York at 1 P. M.

TO ADVERTISERS. In future the columns of the GAZETTE will close on Wednesday, in lieu of Thursday. Our patrons will be governed accordingly.

JEWELERS. D. Keller, 24 John Street, N. Y. Manufacturers of Medals. Special designs will be furnished on application. A large assortment of American Watches in solid and alloy cases. Also a full line of Diamonds at the lowest cash prices.

TO ADVERTISERS.

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

As a national advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unrivaled. Subscribers bind the GAZETTE, and the advertising is so placed that it must be bound in the volume, thus giving it a permanent value. Specimen copies mailed upon request. Prompt attention paid to inquiries and correspondence. Estimates submitted upon application. A trial, as a test of value, is solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line. Reading Notices..... 2.00 " " Copy for advertisements must be in by Wednesday morning in order to insure insertion in following issue. The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/2 inches each, and 2 1/4 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT. EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE. No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers. Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention. Address all communications

RICHARD K. FOX, New York

WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS

BARKEEPERS

ATTENTION!

On receipt of Fifteen Cents in stamps E. N. COOK & CO., the well-known distillers of Buffalo, N. Y., will furnish a complete and reliable

BARKEEPERS' GUIDE,

containing receipts for the mixture of all fancy drinks compiled by the leading barkeepers of the country. Make early application. Edition is small.

J. Reilly, 91 South St., N. Y., Wholesale Dealer in Fine Brandy, Wines and Cigars, Champagne, Scotch Ale and London Porter, also Dealer in Pennsylvania, Rye and Kentucky Bourbon Whisky. N. B.--Family Trade a Specialty. Mail orders promptly attended to.

Queer How They Got It U. S. Cigars, \$50 per 1,000; sample box, \$5. L. WILLIS, 128 W. Jackson, Chicago.

SPORTING RESORTS.

The Irish Giant's Sporting House, 109 Bowery, New York. Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish champion athlete, proprietor. A great show every night. All the Irish champion pugilists and athletes will appear. Seating capacity for 600. Hall well ventilated. Admission free.

Harry Hill's Great Sporting Variety Theatre, 25 East Houston St., New York. Variety and boxing performance every evening. Sacred concert every Sunday night.

Dalley's Concert Hall, cor. Pleasant and Seventh Streets, Fall River, Mass. Boxing, Wrestling and variety performance every night. JAMES DALLEY, Proprietor.

Patsy Hogan's Varieties and Sporting House leads the Pacific Coast, 265 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

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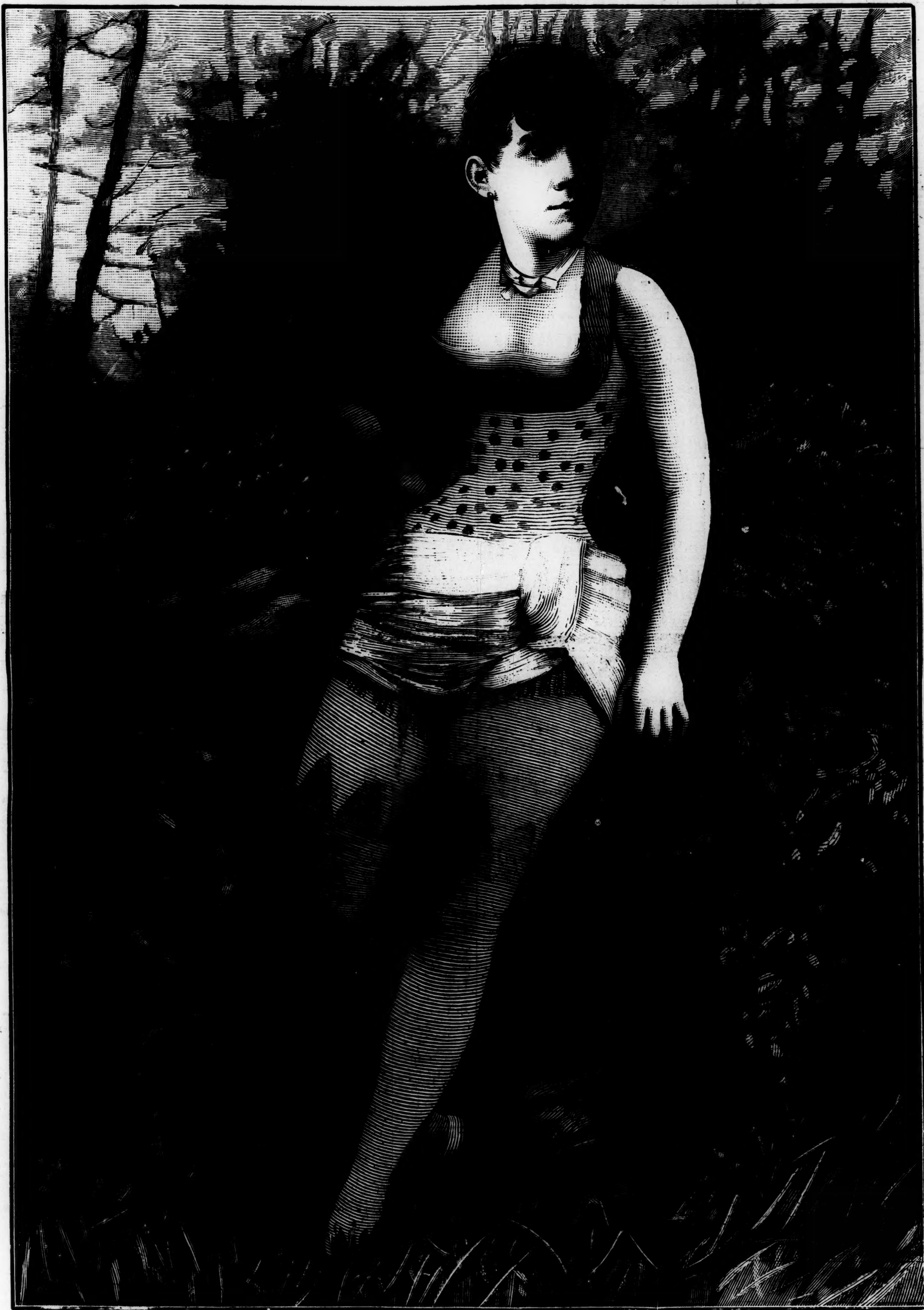
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